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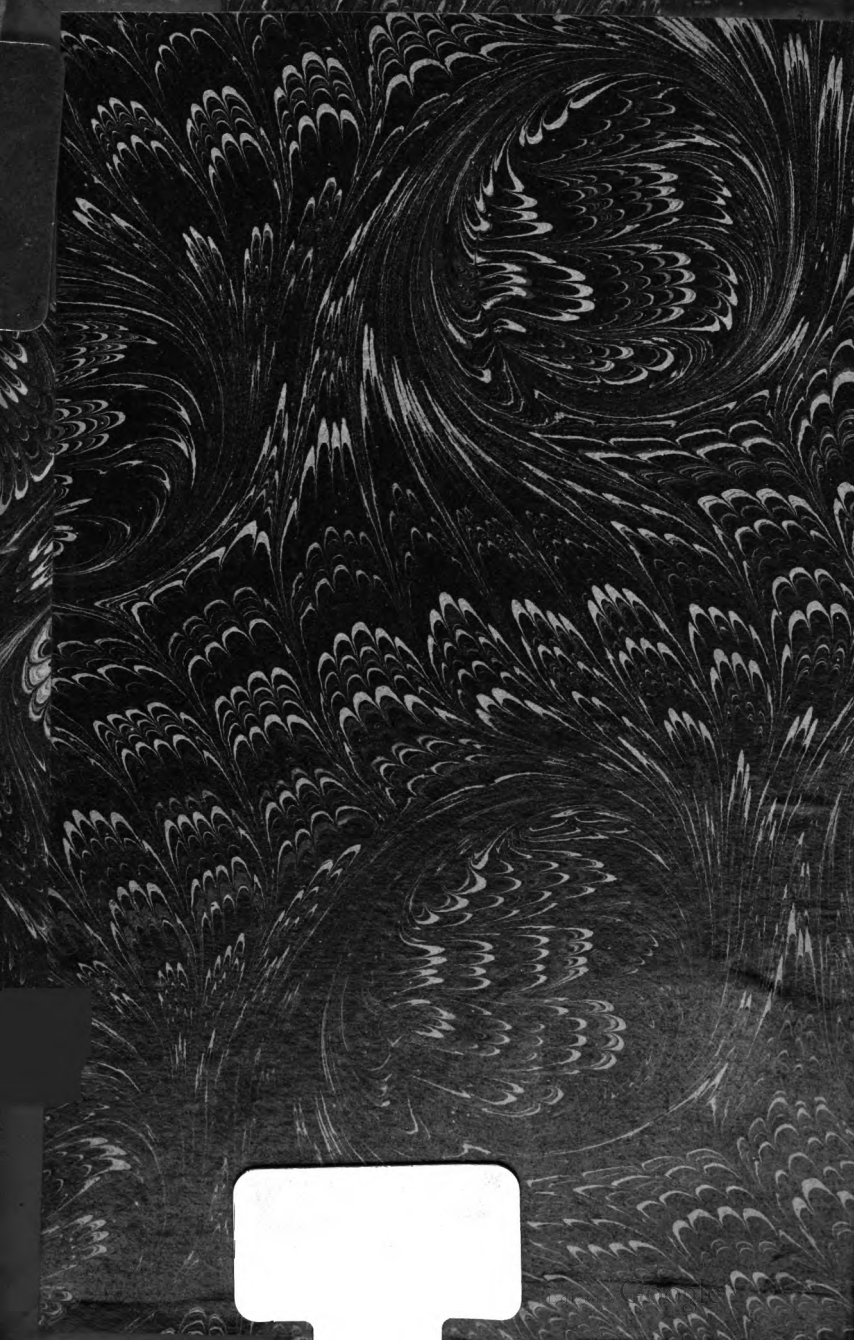

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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME V.

—

COMEDIES.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL
THE WINTER'S TALE.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. V.

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
1883.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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All's Well that Ends Well occupies twenty-five pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 230 to p. 254, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, but has no list of Dramatis Personæ, which it was left for Rowe to supply.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

INTRODUCTION.

BOCCACCIO first gave the story of this comedy a place in literature. It is the Ninth Novel of the Third Day of the *Decameron*. Paynter translated it for his *Palace of Pleasure*, which was published, the first volume in 1566 and the second in 1567. In that work the argument of the tale is thus given: "Giletta, a phisician's doughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche kyng of a fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo, counte of Rossiglione, to husbande. The counte, beyng maried againste his will, for despite fled to Florence, and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbande, in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two soonnes: whiche, knowen to her husbande, he received her againe, and afterwardes he lived in greate honor and felicitie." * Shakespeare followed the novelist in all respects, and preserved two of the names in the original tale, *Bertram, Count of Rousillon*, and *Gerarde of Narbon*. But he changed the name of the heroine to *Helena;* and Mr. Collier has suggested that he did so "probably because he had already made *Juliet* the name of one of his heroines." This, however, is to assume that *Romeo and Juliet* was produced before *All's Well that Ends Well*. To the characters in Boccaccio's story Shakespeare added the *Countess*, *Parolles*, the *Clown*, *Lafeu*, and other minor person-

* This is rather a paraphrase than a translation of Boccaccio's argument, which here follows: "Giglietta di Nerbona guarisce il Re di Francia d'una fistola; domanda per marito Beltramo di Rossiglione; il quale contra sua voglia sposatala, a Firenze se ne va per isdegno; dove vagheggiando una giovane, in persona di lei Giglietta giacque con lui, e hebbene due figlioli; perchè egli poi havutala cara per moglie la tiene." Paynter's version is given by Mr. Collier in his *Shakespeare's Library*.

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ages, — their functions being, of course, entirely imposed by him; and for the substance of his play, the flesh with which he clothed the skeleton that he took at second hand from the father of Italian fiction, he appears to have been indebted to the story only for one or two suggestions.

The incidents of the novel being all embodied in the play, and the progress of the two being the same, there are yet certain differences between them which are worthy of notice. The heroine of the tale is rich as well as fatherless: she of the play is a poor dependant, and is thus placed in a situation from which the haughty young noble would be the more unwilling to accept a wife. The *King* in the tale grants his preserver's demand for the Count Beltramo "to husbande" very reluctantly, and only for his oath sake: but the *King* in the play, with all his devotion to the memory of *Bertram's* father, and his fondness for the son, seems to think that *Helena* is more than worthy of the latter in all respects, except that of rank — a disparity which can easily be obviated; and this enhances our estimation of her, and begets for her some much-needed sympathy in the unwomanly stratagems by which she seeks to obtain a husband and to be made a mother. In the tale there is no hint of the martial spirit of *Bertram*, and he joins the Florentine army only to escape his wife: in the play he yearns for military glory before the arrival of *Helena* at Paris, where he frets at "creaking his shoes on the plain masonry;" and thus Shakespeare wins for a character full of moral failings an admiration which, blent with our compassion for a man who is pursued by a woman determined to make him her husband in name and in reality, whether he will or no, becomes a passport to our favor. In the tale the heroine, on arriving at Rossiglione, administers her husband's estate, which had fallen into decay, with great ability: but this incident, valueless for dramatic purposes, is made unnecessary in the play by the presence at Rousillon of the Dowager *Countess* and her *Steward;* and in the tale, too, the heroine, instead of slipping stealthily off on her pretended pilgrimage, calls together the Count's vassals and makes a formal matter of her departure. The reappearance of the heroine in the tale with two stout boys is modified for the better in the play by showing her to the Count in a condition which would lead him to expect but one: but it is difficult to discover why Shakespeare added the incident of a projected second marriage on *Bertram's* part; unless it

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were so to deepen the shadows of that character that the ready forgiveness accorded by *Helena* might cause us to forget, in a measure, the means by which she obtained the right to pardon. Certain conditions of the story which Shakespeare undertook to dramatize were inevitable; and it is to be regretted that among them were some which we most wish could have been modified or disregarded.

The date of the production of this comedy is not determinable with certainty or precision. No quarto copy, no reference to contemporary events, aids the examination of the question, which is involved with another of much interest. Meres, in the passage so often quoted from his *Palladis Tamia*, mentions, among those of Shakespeare's comedies which he cites for their excellence, one that he calls "*Loue labors wonne.*" No such title appears either in the authentic folio, or upon any quarto copy of a play ever attributed to Shakespeare, or to any contemporary; and no other reference to a play of that name has been found in the literature of Shakespeare's day. But Farmer, in his Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare, supposed *All's Well that Ends Well* "to have been sometimes called *Love's Labour Wonne;*" and this conjecture, thus thrown out without support, is the foundation, or rather the starting point, of the theory with regard to the production of this comedy which has been accepted for the last three quarters of a century. It is reasonable to presume that no play of Shakespeare's is lost to us; for so popular were his works upon the stage, and so eagerly were they sought by the play-readers of his day, that dramas the production of which he had merely superintended, and others with which he had no connection whatever, were attributed to him by booksellers who wished to avail themselves of his reputation. It is far more probable, therefore, that we have accepted that as his which belongs to another, than that even one Scene which came from his pen has passed into oblivion. This being the case, we must look for *Love's Labour's Won* among the fourteen comedies of the folio. The task is brief; for of the fourteen there are thirteen to which the title cannot by any ingenuity be made to apply; and the fourteenth is *All's Well that Ends Well.** As

* This remark is made in the full confidence that no one except its author will adopt Mr. Hunter's notion that *Love's Labour's Won* was the original name of *The Tempest;*—the labors being the log-piling task set by *Prospero* to *Ferdinand!* See *New Illustrations of Shakespeare.*

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the labors by which *Helena* attains at first the nominal and afterward the actual fruition of her desires furnish the action and the dramatic progress of this play, it might with as much propriety be called *Love's Labour's Won* as by the name it now bears. It is true that the introduction of the adage 'all's well that ends well' in three passages, one of which is the epilogue, seems to indicate an especial and inherent propriety in the name by which the comedy has come down to us; but this consideration actually makes nothing against the supposition that *Love's Labour's Won* was the title by which it was known to Meres, as we shall see in the examination of another subject with which the present question is connected.

If *Love's Labour's Won* were the name first given to this play, the hither limit of the period in which it was produced is fixed: it must have been written before 1598, when the *Palladis Tamia* was published. But it is especially noteworthy that many passages of the play, amounting, perhaps, to one third of all its verse, belong, upon their own evidence, to a much later period of Shakespeare's life. To this conclusion the present editor had arrived when entirely ignorant that it had been reached by others; although it seemed to him that no intelligent and reflective reader of Shakespeare could come short of it. A similar experience is alluded to by Mr. Verplanck in the following passage from his Introductory Remarks upon the play, in which the interesting question of this marked difference of style in various parts of the same work is presented with such delicacy of apprehension and clearness of statement that his successors cannot do better than to avail themselves of it: —

"Much of the graver dialogue, especially in the first two Acts, reminds the reader, in taste of composition, in rhythm, and in a certain quaintness of expression, of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The comic part is spirited and laugh-provoking, yet it consists wholly in the exposure of a braggart coxcomb — one of the most familiar comic personages of the stage, and quite within the scope of a boyish artist's knowledge of life and power of satirical delineation. On the other hand, there breaks forth every where, and in many Scenes entirely predominates, a grave, moral thoughtfulness, expressed in a solemn, reflective tone, and sometimes in a sententious brevity of phrase and harshness of rhythm, which seems to me to stamp many passages as belonging to the epoch of *Measure for Measure*, or of *Lear*. We miss, too, the gay and fanciful imagery which shows itself continually, alike amidst the passion and the moralizing of the previous comedies.

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"This sterner and more meditative cast is so predominant that the whole play may be remarked as being comparatively of a gray and sober hue, uncolored by those rainbow tints of fancy, or fiercely bright flashes of passion, that give such diversity of splendor to many other dramas. The reason of this cannot be that which Schlegel assigns, that 'the glorious colors of fancy could not have been introduced into such a subject;' for it is not easy to find any reason, in the subject itself, why *Helena's* subdued, yet cherished and absorbing passion, might not have been clothed by Shakespeare in thoughts and words as tender as those of *Imogen*, as intense with passionate beauty as those of *Juliet*. The only intelligible reason is, that such was not the prevailing mood of the author's mind at the time, nor congruous with the main objects on which he had fixed his attention — that the play was thrown into its present shape, and assumed its present expression, at a time when the author's moral and reflective faculty was more active and engrossing than his poetic fancy, or his dramatic imitative power.

"The contrast of two different moods of thought and manners of expression, here mixed in the same piece, must be evident to all who have made the shades and gradations of Shakespeare's varying and progressive taste and mind at all a subject of study. At any rate, the opinion just expressed was formed before the writer learned, from Mr. Collier's information, that 'it was the opinion of Coleridge, an opinion which he first delivered in 1813, and again in 1818, though it is not found in his *Literary Remains*, that *All's Well that Ends Well*, as it has come down to us, was written at two different, and rather distant periods of the Poet's life. He pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression; and Professor Tieck, at a later date, adopted and enforced the same belief.' Whether Coleridge regarded the additions as belonging to the same period of the author's manner to which it has been here assigned, I am unable to say. Tieck appears to ascribe to an earlier period some of the darker and thought-burdened passages which I should assign to that later period, when the Poet's mind brooded habitually, in pity or in anger, over man's vices and misery. Still the contrast of diction and thought struck the acute German as much as it must do the student of his own native language."

To be somewhat more particular than Mr. Verplanck, it is to be observed that passages of rhymed couplets, in which the thought is somewhat constrained and its expression limited by the form of the verse, are scattered freely through the play, and that these are found side by side with passages of blank verse in which the thought, on the contrary, so entirely dominates the form, and overloads and weighs it down, as to produce the impres-

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sion that the poet, in writing them, was almost regardless of the graces of his art, and merely sought an expression of his ideas in the most compressed and elliptical form. The former trait is characteristic of his youthful style; the latter marks a certain period of his maturer years. Contracted words, which Shakespeare used more freely in his later than in his earlier works, abound; and in some passages words are used in an esoteric sense which is distinctive of the poet's style about the time when *Measure for Measure* was produced. Note, for instance, the use of 'succeed' in "owe and succeed thy weakness," in Act II. Sc. 4 of that play, and in "succeed thy father in manners," Act I. Sc. 1 of this. It is to be observed, also, that the advice given by the *Countess* to *Bertram* when he leaves Rousillon is so like that of *Polonius* to *Laertes* in a similar situation, that either the latter is an expansion of the former, or the former a reminiscence of the latter; and as the passage is written in the later style, the second supposition appears the more probable. Finally, it is worthy of remark that both the French officers who figure in this play as 1 Lord and 2 Lord are, somewhat strangely, named *Dumain*, and that in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Dumain* is also the name of that one of the three attendants and brothers in love of the King who has a post in the army; which, when taken in connection with other circumstances, is at least a hint of some relation between the two plays.

There seems, therefore, to be warrant for the decided opinion that Shakespeare, in the earlier part of his career, after the production of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and probably a little before that of *Romeo and Juliet*, desiring to bring out a counterpart to the former, pitched upon Boccaccio's story of *Giglietta of Nasbon* as containing the materials for a comedy to be called *Love's Labour's Won*; — that he produced this play some three or four years before Meres wrote his *Palladis Tamia* — perhaps in 1593 or 1594; and that after its novelty was well worn off it was laid aside, and when it had passed out of the public mind, probably about 1604, he rewrote many passages, retouched many others, and brought it out again under a new name. It is worthy of remark that the adage which furnished this name occurs three times in those parts of the play — Act IV. Sc. 4, and Act V. Sc. 1 — which bear most unmistakable marks of the later of the two styles which are to be distinguished in the comedy.

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The folio is the only source of the text, which appears there in a very unsatisfactory state. Indeed, there is no play of Shakespeare which gives the reader and the editor more fruitless trouble than this. No other is more deformed by the corruption of important passages: and this corruption is doubtless chiefly due to two reasons; — first, the involved, disjointed, and elliptical style in which the author wrote much of the matter which he added at the revision of the play; — and next, the fact that the play was printed from the very copy in which the author himself had made these alterations and additions, which, there can be little doubt in the mind of any man of letters, or any printer of experience, were in many cases interlined in a manner that, however clear to the poet himself, was obscure enough to a compositor who did not know exactly what his author would be at: — and as to proof-reading, the folio had none of it. Consequently there are some passages in which conjectural criticism is entirely at fault; and in these the original text is given in this edition in its corrupted form. For only the reasonble certainty that we are restoring the poet's own words justifies a change in that text: and the reader of Shakespeare can better pass by a line as incomprehensible, than accept a comprehensible line which is not Shakespeare's.

The period of the action of this play is not determinable with any approach to probability, not to say accuracy. Indeed it is more than likely that Shakespeare himself had no clear idea upon the subject. Boccaccio wrote about 1350; but the Florentines and Siennese were constantly at petty war during the middle ages. The allusion to Austria and its Duke, as the latter has no influence on the action of the play, is a mere touch of local color, and is of no value in the consideration of this question. The incidents upon which the action does turn are such as could have happened only in the society of an early feudal period; but the comic Scenes have all the stamp of Shakespeare's own time; and dramatic propriety will be entirely preserved by adopting the costume of that day — authority for which exists in Vecelli and Montfaucon.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING *of* France.
DUKE *of* Florence.
BERTRAM, *Count of* Rousillon.
LAFEU, *an old Lord.*
PAROLLES, *a follower of* Bertram.
French Lords *serving in the Florentine Army.*
Steward, Clown, } *to the Dowager* Countess *of* Rousillon
A Page.

Dowager COUNTESS *of* Rousillon.
HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the* Countess
A Widow *of* Florence.
DIANA, *her Daughter.*
VIOLENTA, MARIANA, } *her Neighbors and Friends.*

Lords *attending on the* King. *French and Florentine* Officers *and* Soldiers.

SCENE: *partly in* France, *partly in* Tuscany.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS *of* Rousillon, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

COUNTESS.

IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Bertram. And I, in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Lafeu. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam; — you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, Madam;

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under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made Nature immortal, and Death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. — Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, — they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

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Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have.

Helena. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief, the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell. — My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! — Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Ber. [*To* HELENA.] The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

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Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

Hel. O, were that all! — I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; — heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him
That they take place when Virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' th' cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold Wisdom waiting on superfluous Folly.

Parolles. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

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Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! — Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of Nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murthers itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against Nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Be-

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sides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't: within one year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet. [

]

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitoress, and a dear,
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —
I know not what he shall: — God send him well! —
The Court's a learning-place; — and he is one —

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Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. — 'Tis pity —

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else

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thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell: when thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The King's disease — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the King of France, *with Letters;* Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend

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Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is deni'd before he comes;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord.
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour

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So like a courtier. Contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak; and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb:
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now: his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,) — "Let me not live," —
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, — "Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:" — This he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

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2 *Lord.* You're loved, sir:
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. — How long is't, Count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living I would try him yet; —
Lend me an arm; — the rest have worn me out
With several applications: — Nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count:
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, *and* Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Steward. Madam, the care I have had to even your content I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clown. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

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Clo. No, Madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel your woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for, they say, barns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the Devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, Madam; and I hope to nave friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, Madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could

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be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the Puritan, and old Poysam the Papist, howsome'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one, — they may joll horns together like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, Madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. [Singing.] *Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause*
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, [*good sooth it was,*]
Was this King Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is purifying o' th' song: 'Would God would serve the

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world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe woman if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth 'a! an' we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out ere 'a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! — Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. — I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; [Diana, no] queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty

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speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tott'ring in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit* Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are Nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the shew and seal of Nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults: — or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, Madam?

Count. You know, Helena, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in 'mother'
That you start at it? I say I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with Nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care: —
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,

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That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? — that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, Madam. Would you were,
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
Indeed, my mother! — Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for Heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so: — for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,

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That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son: —
My friends were poor but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

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Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love, O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent—speak truly—
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it? Speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

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Hel. There's something in't
More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, *with several young* Lords, *taking leave for the Florentine War,* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and* Attendants.

KING.

FAREWELL, young lords: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: — and you, my lords, farewell: —

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Share the advice betwixt you: if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your Majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. — Come hither to me.

[*The* KING *retires to a couch*

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark —

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with "Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

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Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock.
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By Heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: — You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him I live, and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble Captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay [with] the King.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the Devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordmen.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

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Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis thus:
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She: My lord, there's one ariv'd,
If you will see her: — Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,

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(For that is her demand,) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder, too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his Majesty; say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

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I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom Nature
From her inaidable estate, — I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shewn,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the great'st been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

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King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shews:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent:
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads, my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; the worst of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,

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His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee:
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of Heaven!

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, — But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted bless'd. —

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Give me some help here, ho! — If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, sir: I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the Court.

Count. To the Court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt — But to the Court?

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at Court; he that cannot make a leg, pull off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean

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to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable; it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer — I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir. — There's a simple putting off; — more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir. — Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir. — Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir. — Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my — "O Lord, sir:" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a Fool.

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Clo. O Lord, sir. — Why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: To your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III.

Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists, —

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows —

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable —

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, —

Par. Right; as 'twere a man assur'd of a —

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Laf. Uncertain life and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, — What do ye call there?

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it: I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect —

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange; that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the —

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak —

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recov'ry of the King, as to be —

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and* Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the King.

Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in Court. — [*Exit an* Attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

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Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please; marry, to each but one.

Laf. I'd give bay curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the King to health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid: —
Please it your Majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, —
"We blush that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice, and see;
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. — Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

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Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threat'ningly replies;
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine I'd have them whipp'd; or I would send them to th' Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [*To* 3 Lord.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice! they'll none have her: sure they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet: — I am sure thy father drank wine. — But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To* BERTRAM.] I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. — This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your Highness

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In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord, but never hope to know why
I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife! — Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name. But do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to Nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive

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Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak! thine answer!

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Fly where you bid it, I find that she, which late

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Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the King; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, Monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? — My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay: Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be

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a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee, —

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; — which if — Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry drachm of it: and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the defaul', he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this dis-

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grace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! — Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of — I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my Master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The Devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then. — Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

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Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to th' wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what th' import is I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to th' war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this *capricio* hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away. To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:

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Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go:
The King has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter HELENA *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' th' world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in Heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in Earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still. — O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To

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say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that's, before me thou 'rt a knave; this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. —
Madam, my lord will go away to-night:
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his farther pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

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Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. — Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience, and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To* BERTRAM.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to* PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the King?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

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Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. — God save you, Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. — Farewell, Monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

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Enter HELENA, *attended.*

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shews itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant; —

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. — and ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine; and yet it is:

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But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much: — nothing, indeed. —
I would not tell you what I would: my lord — 'faith, yes; —
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
— Where are my other men? — Monsieur, farewell.
[*Exit* HELENA.
Ber. Go thou toward home; where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum: —
Away, and for our flight!
Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Florence. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of* Florence *and his Train, two* French Lords, *and* Soldiers.

DUKE.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

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1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer's.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

1 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself, in my uncertain grounds, to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS *and* Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

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Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. [*Opening a letter.*] Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at Court; our old ling and our Isbels o' th' country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' th' Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [Reads.] "*I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and have sworn to make the* not *eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

Bertram."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a King:
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,

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some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to 't: that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter HELENA *and two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. — Pray you, gentlemen, —

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't. — Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, Madam; here's my passport. [*Reads.*

"*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a* 'then' *I write a* 'never.'"

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;

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If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. — Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return thou thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [Reads.] "*Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*"
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, Madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she: and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

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Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you,
Written, to bear along.
2 *Gent.* We serve you, Madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?
[*Exeunt* COUNTESS *and* Gentlemen.
Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
Nothing in France, till he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and it is I
That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still piecing air
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which Nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,

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Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,—
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Florence. Before the DUKE'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of* Florence, BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Duke. The General of our Horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then, go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [Reads.] "*I am St. Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone:*
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, send him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for Death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words! —
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, Madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

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Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. — Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger: —
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: — Provide this messenger: —
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, Diana, Violenta, Mariana, *and other* Citizens.

Widow. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city we shall lose all the sight.

Diana. They say the French Count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their great'st commander, and that, with his own hand, he slew the Duke's brother. We have lost our labour: they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

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Mariana. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earl. — Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you farther; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no farther danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so. — Look, here comes a Pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her. —
God save you, Pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jacques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis, here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry is't. — Hark you, they come this way: — [*A march afar off.*
If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim, but till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;

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The rather, for I think I know your hostess.
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, Pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France.

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the King had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely; mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty; and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I write, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

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Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous Count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He,
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: Yond's that same knave
That leads him to these places; were I his lady
I would poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' th' battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.
Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!

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Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BER., PAR., Officers, *and* Soldiers.

Wid. The troop is pass'd: Come, Pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jacques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and, to requite you farther,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM *and the two* French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble!

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might,

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at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! — There was excellent command! to charge in

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with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum: but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, Monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on: I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear farther from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant;

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And to the possibility of thy soldiership
Will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. — Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do 't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost emboss'd him: you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smok'd by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As 't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you
The lass I spoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once.

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And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' th' wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you farther,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
Y' are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The Count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

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Resolves to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will naught deny
That she'll demand. A ring the County wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after [this,]
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Without the Florentine Camp.

First Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers, *discovered in ambush.*

FIRST LORD.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Soldier.* Good Captain, let me be th' interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' th' adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

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Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside, in the ambush.*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the Devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel —

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1 *Lord.* How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recover'd it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within. They rush out of the ambush.*

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me;
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos vauvado:* —
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: —
Kerelybonto: — Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray, —
Manka revania dulche.

1 Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

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Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
1 Sold. *Acordo linta.* —
Come on, thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded.*
1 *Lord.* Go tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.
2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.
1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves; —
Inform on that.
2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.
1 *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! — But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern:

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And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No;
My mother did but duty,—such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the high'st to witness. Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Love's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him, when I protest to Love
That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd,—
At least, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off;
But give thyself unto my sick desires,

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Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.
Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose.
Dia. Mine honour's such a ring.
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring.
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window.
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.

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Adieu, till then: then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven and me!
You may so in the end. —
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart: she says all men
Have the like oaths. He has sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords, *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

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1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not most damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgments wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

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1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in Heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stranger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquir'd for him shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

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2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success. I have conge'd with the Duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? — Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, h 'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt* Soldiers.] h 'as sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, — he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' th' stocks. And what think you he hath confess'd?

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Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Soldiers, *with* PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me. Hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes! *Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful General: — Our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* "First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak, and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y' are deceiv'd, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

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2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said, I will say true, — or thereabouts, set down, — for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live [but] this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltan, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratti, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him whether one Captain Dumain be i' th' camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with

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well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them simply.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the Shrieve's Fool with child; a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[*The* First Lord *lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the Duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [Reads.]

"*Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold,*" —

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Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sold.*

"*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.*
After he scores he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat; and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me

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live, sir, in a dungeon, i' th' stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me! he's more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, h' as led the drum before the English tragedians, — to belie him I will not, — and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him; he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-

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simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his Horse, Count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the General, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy, the Count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the General says, you, that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you: Know you any here?

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Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Lords, &c.

1 *Sold.* You are undone, Captain, — all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

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One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel;
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd
His Grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! So lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away;
But more of this hereafter. — You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions; I am yours,
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pay you
But with the word; the time will bring on Summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,

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And be as sweet as sharp. We must away:
Our wagon is prepar'd, and time invites us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not [sallet] herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself — a knave or a fool?

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Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bawble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The Black Prince, sir; *alias*, the Prince of Darkness; *alias*, the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee; there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the Prince of the World; let his nobility remain in 's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways; I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall

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out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; it is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

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Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face; whether there be a scar under 't, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good liv'ry of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,

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Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time; —

Enter a Gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. — God save you, sir.

Astringer. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the Court of France.

Ast. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Ast. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Ast. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Ast. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit. —
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,

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But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Ast. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. — We must to horse again; —
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. The inner Court of the COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee get thee farther.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee stand away: A paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

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Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fall'n into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under [her]? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you. Let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't: save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than a word, then. — Cox' my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee

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out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The King's coming; I know by his trumpets. — Sirrah, inquire farther after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to; follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Flourish. *Enter* King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege:
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, —
But first I beg my pardon, — The young lord
Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

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King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him hither;
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: — Let him not ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence is dead;
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gentleman. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once. But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At first

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I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd;
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven bless!
Or, ere they meet in me, O Nature, cesse.

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. — By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,

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Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at Court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't. —
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to 'reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so.
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it;
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in Nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,

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Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman, — 'twill not prove so; —
And yet I know not: — thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe
More than to see this ring. — Take him away. —
[Guards *seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. — Away with him: —
We'll sift this matter farther.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

Enter the Astringer.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Ast. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,

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Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] "*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O King; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and towl [him]: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The Heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discov'ry. — Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

[*Exeunt the* Astringer *and same* Attendants.

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter Bertram, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, for wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. — What woman's that?

Enter the Astringer, *with* Widow *and* Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;

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My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring;
And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count. Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me farther?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. [*To* BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

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Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought you said
You saw one here in Court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;

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And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly; every feather starts you. —
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to th' purpose! Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: but how?

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King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave: — What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he lov'd her, — for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. — This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

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Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman is an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him. —
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he's not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. — Stay, royal sir; [*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels the young one kick;
So there's my riddle, — One that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

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Enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the true office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter: This it says,
"*When from my finger you can get this ring,*
And are by me with child," &c. — This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you! —
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon: — [*To* PAROLLES.] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief. — So; I thank thee: wait on me home; I'll make sport with thee. Let thy court'sies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow: —
[*To* DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. —
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

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All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

[*Advancing.*]

The King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience, then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 13. "—— to whom I am now *in ward*": — By a feudal custom, often alluded to in old writers, the infant heirs of titles and estates which had been granted or confirmed by the crown, in consideration of any kind of service, were wards of the King, who exercised a power quite absolute over them, even to giving them in marriage.

"You shall find *of the King* a husband": — This purely French construction is noteworthy. It is a literal rendering of the French idiom, *Vous trouverez de le Roi un mari*. Had the Scene and characters of the play an influence in producing it?

"—— rather than *lack* it": — Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, read "*slack* it." This is plausible, but needless; for it is quite in Shakespeare's manner to use 'lack' transitively.

p. 14. "—— would have made Nature immortal": — In this sentence there is no nominative for 'would' expressed; but 'it,' referring to 'skill,' is so clearly impressed upon the mind as the subject, that the grammatical need is not noticed except upon particular observation. The nominative was frequently omitted in such cases by our earlier writers. Mr. Singer prints "*'twould*."

"A *fistula*, my lord": — The nature of the disease which *Helena* cured appears more fully in the novel than in the play. This is the corresponding passage in the former: "She heard by reporte that the Frenche Kyng had a swellyng upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure, was growen to be a fistula, which did putte him to marveilous pain and grief," &c.

"—— in her they are the better for *their* simpleness":

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— Hanmer read, "*her* simpleness," which, as the virtuous qualities spoken of by the *Countess*, are such as are acquired by education and self-discipline, is a more than plausible suggestion.

p. 15. "—— all *livelihood* from her cheek": — We would now say, "all liveli*ness*."

" "I do *affect* a sorrow": — It must be remembered that 'affect' was used to mean 'incline to' as well as 'pretend to.' The *Countess* uses it in the latter sense, *Helena* in the former.

" "*Count.* If the living be enemy," &c.: — This speech has been found obscure; yet it is but an antithetical conceit, such as the writers of Shakespeare's day were addicted to; and it means only that if there be such enmity between the living and the grief, an excess of the latter will prove fatal. So *Sir Toby Belch* says, (*Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 3,) "I am sure care's an enemy to life." But many editors, following Tieck's suggestion, assign the speech to *Helena*, as a mysterious allusion to her love for *Bertram*, and as meaning, in Mr. Hudson's words, "that the grief of her unrequited love for him, *makes mortal*, that is, kills, the grief she felt at her father's death." But this, I venture to think, is only to replace a quibbling conceit by mysterious nonsense, and to put far too fine a point upon the matter. It should also be noticed that if this speech be assigned to *Helena*, *Lafeu's* question, excited by its quibbling nature, is not put until after *Bertram* has turned the attention of the audience by addressing another person, to wit, the *Countess*, whom he asks for her blessing; in which case *Lafeu's* query is presuming and discourteous, and the dramatic effect awkward. But if the *Countess* be the last speaker, as she is in the authentic copy, this is avoided.

" "—— Farewell. — My lord": — Capell read. "My lord *Lafeu*," for the sake of completing the measure; and it is by no means impossible that the name dropped away from the end of the line; but the mere lack of two syllables will not warrant the assumption that such was the case. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare purposely left many lines without the full complement of ten syllables. The same objection applies to the reading, in *Helena's* soliloquy, just below, "Carries no favour in't but *only* Bertram's," found in Mr. Collier's folio, and "but *my* Bertram's," which appears in Hanmer's edition.

p. 16. "In our heart's *table*": — Whatever was written or drawn upon was called a table. Thus in *Hamlet*, "the table of my memory," "my tables! meet it is, I set it

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down," &c. For the "*trick* of his sweet *favour*" we would now write 'the traits of his sweet countenance.'

p. 16. "And you, *monarch*": — It has been thought that there is here an allusion to the fantastic *Monarcho*, mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 1; and possibly there is. But it is more probable that *Helena's* reply is merely of the nature of *Portia's*, "What would my lord?" *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 9. See the Note.

p. 18. "—— within *one* year it will make itself two": — The original has "within *ten* yeare it will make it self two," which is manifestly wrong, for that is not "goodly increase;" and yet, strangely enough, the equally manifest error of 'ten' for 'one' has been left to be corrected in this edition. Previous editors, including Mr. Collier, have misquoted the original, as "within ten years." Hanmer read, "within ten *years* it will make itself *ten*;" but with such increase as that, the principal could hardly fail to be much the worse. Steevens suggested, "within *two years* it will make itself two;" but this hardly accords with the usual course of nature, which is more nearly complied with by Malone's violent change, adopted by Mr. Singer, "within ten *months* it will make itself two." A year is, next to a day, the most remarkable and most frequently mentioned term of time, and the one within which the first fruits of marriage generally appear. [As the proofs of these Notes are passing through my hands, I notice in a recently issued Legislative Document this very misprint of 'ten' for 'one.']

" "—— the brooch and the *toothpick*": — It appears that when the toothpick was first introduced from France it was used not in a quiet matter of course way, but quite demonstratively, and with something of a flourish as part of "the varnish of a complete man."

"Not my virginity yet": — There is plainly an important hiatus here in the text. *Helena's* reply to the question of *Parolles* is decisive, and as brief as she can make it; and she proceeds directly to change the subject. But the remark upon which her speech turns is wanting. There can be no doubt that the Court was the subject of it, not only because she says in the last line "the Court's a learning place," but because in the courtly society of Shakespeare's day it was the fashion for gallants to avow themselves the admirers of some particular lady, and to address her as their phœnix, captain, humble ambition, or proud humility, or by other "fond adoptious christendoms!" — Who forgets *Sir Piercie Shafton* in the *Monastery!* Capell was therefore on the right track when he read, "Not my virginity yet. *You're for the Court.*"

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But so very brief a text, so abruptly introduced, would hardly head such a sermon; and as there is no reason for accepting these words more than any other, and the loss has probably been much greater, the passage is left as it stands in the original, with an indication of the hiatus.

SCENE II.

p. 20. "The Florentines and *Senoys*": — The Siennese are called Senoys by Painter, in the old novel.

p. 21. 'It is the Count *Rousillon*": — The original prints the name here and in another place "*Rosignoll*," as it appears in the old tale; elsewhere *Rossillion*. The variation was probably in the MS.

" "—— in honour so like a courtier": — The original has a colon after 'honour' and a comma after 'courtier.' The punctuation given in the text was suggested by Blackstone. The points of the folio, though in some respects a guide, are never to be relied upon absolutely.

p. 23. "You'*re loved*, sir": — Thus the original, in accordance with the orthoepy of Shakespeare's time, when the full pronunciation of the participial termination was the rule; and yet every edition till the present, for the last hundred years, has, "You *are lov'd*, sir." This not only destroys a textual trait, but the rhythmical emphasis given to the line by the author. 'Loved,' not 'are,' is the emphatic word.

SCENE III.

" "*Enter . . . Clown*": — See Note on "the Shrieve's Fool," Act IV. Sc. 3.

p. 24. "Isbel *your* woman and *I* will do as we may": — The original has, "Isabel *the* woman and *w*," &c.: the latter error was corrected in the second folio; the former, which resulted from a mistaking of y^r for y^e, has remained uncorrected hitherto.

" "—— they say *barns* are blessings": — Thus the original, which all other editions Scotch-ify into "*bairns*." See Note on "you'll look he shall lack no *barns*." *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 4.

" "He that *ears* my land": — To 'ear' is to till: the word still survives in composition in 'arable.'

p. 25. "—— young *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poysam* the Papist": — Malone thought that the name of the Puritan [coal] was an allusion to the fiery zeal of the sect, and plausibly conjectured that we should read "old *Poisson* [fish] the Papist," as an allusion to the Roman Cath-

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p. 25. "—— which is purifying o' th' song": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 adds, "*and a mending o' th' sex.*"

p. 26. "—— but *for* every blazing star": — The folio has, "*ore* every blazing star," a manifest corruption, for which Malone gave "but *or*," Mr. Collier "but *ere*," his folio of 1632 "but *one*," and Mr. Singer "but *on*." Blazing stars, however, were regarded as portents, not as portended, and 'for' seems more idiomatic than 'on,' or 'or.'

" "—— it will wear the *surplice* of humility," &c.: — The allusion here is double: first, to the horror which the Puritans affected at the surplice, as a vestment pertaining to the service of the Lady of Babylon; next, to its similarity to the sheet in which ladies, not of Babylon, did penance for a fault in the flesh, which was epithetically attributed to the former in the spirit; the fondness of these ladies for fine linen being also suggested. Thus in a passage quoted from *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607, by Steevens: "She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reason your sincere puritans cannot abide a surplice, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, your prophane holland." The notes upon this passage in the *Variorum* and other editions are many and voluminous.

" "[Diana, no] queen of virgins": — The words in brackets, which seem necessary to the sense, are not in any old copy. They were supplied by Theobald. He also needlessly read, "suffer her poor knight *to be* surpris'd," which has been retained even in Mr. Collier's text. The elision of the verb before the participle was common of old.

p. 27. "—— *sithence*, in the loss," &c.: — 'Sithence' is the old uncontracted form of 'since.' It is noteworthy that this word, which, I believe, is found nowhere else in Shakespeare's works (though 'sith' occurs), and which was antiquated in his time, appears in the early part of the old tale: "why should I disdain to prove her cunnyng? sithens she promiseth to heale me within a litle space," &c.

p. 28. "Why? — that you are my daughter?" — In the original this passage appears thus: —

"The many-colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
—————— Why, that you are my daughter?"

" "Or were you *both our mothers*": — That is, of course, 'the mother of both of us.' Farmer was of the opinion that in "I care no more for than I do for Heaven," there

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is a designed ambiguity, and that *Helena* means, 'I care *just as much for*,' &c. "Can't no other," &c., means, plainly, 'Is there no other way?'

p. 28. "The mystery of your *loneliness*": — The folio has "your *loue*liness," a misprint hardly worth notice, which yet was left for Theobald to correct.

" "Confess it, *th' one to th' other*": — Pronounced *tone* to *tother*. The original has, "Confess it, *'ton tooth* to th' other." See the quotation from Wiclyffe in the Note on "o' the to side." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

p. 29. "Have to the full *appeach'd*": — The commentators say that 'appeach'd' here is equivalent to 'impeached;' but is it not more akin to that other form of the same root used by London thieves, 'peach' = inform?

"—— this *captious* and *intenible* sieve": — A characteristic form of expression with Shakespeare; meaning, as it would seem no one who reads him worthily need be told, 'this sieve which receives, but will not hold.' See Note on "the cicatrice and capable impressure." *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 5. The original has "*intemible*," which was corrected in the second folio.

p. 30. "More than they were *in note*": — i. e., more than was written down of them. The repetition of 'note,' the word in its second sense being suggested by its occurrence in another, is a trait of Shakespeare's style.

p. 31. "There's something *in't*": — Hanmer needlessly read, "There's something *hints*."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 31. "Farewell, young *lords*": — The original has the plural in this and in the next line; but most editors read "*lord*," because the *King* says, in the third line, "if *both* gain all." But action would make this plain: the *King* addresses first one party or knot of young noblemen, then another, and finally both. The old stage direction requires "*divers* young lords" to enter, not two, as is the case in most modern editions.

p. 32. "After *well enter'd soldiers*": — The meaning of this very elliptical expression is, plainly, 'after having well entered life as soldiers.'

" "—— *he* owes the malady": — This is not an impersonation, or a misprint. 'He' and 'she' were often used in Shakespeare's time where we would use 'it.'

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p. 32. "—— let *higher* Italy," &c. :— Formerly the principal geographical division of Italy was, somewhat vaguely, into higher and lower; and Sienna, with which Florence was at war, was in the former. The parenthetic clause of this sentence, ("Those bated," &c.) is full of difficulty. The most obvious meaning of "those bated' is 'excepting those;' and "the fall of the last monarchy" was very reasonably explained by both Hanmer and Johnson, as an allusion to the degeneracy of those Italians who inherited but the decadence of the last, i. e. the Roman, empire. But we look in vain for any reason why the *King* should wish to except these degenerate people from the number of those either with whom or against whom the young Frenchmen were to acquit themselves manfully. The same difficulty occurs, in a greater degree, if we accept Warburton's explanation of 'bated,' which he takes in the sense of 'abased' or 'subdued.' Hanmer did most for the passage in reading 'those *bastards*;' though he did not properly support the change. But is it not probable, at least, that the King of the great realm of France, the most absolute of monarchs, speaking of Sienna, which was one of the little independent republics that rose upon the ruins of the Western Empire, might call its citizens, in contempt, 'those bastards that inherit but the fall of the last monarchy'? Coleridge brought forward, as an independent conjecture, the reading which Hanmer had given long before; but as he failed to see why the *King* should "except the then most illustrious states," i. e., the republics, his note in this regard is vague and inconsequential. He however, with characteristic perception of the relation of ideas, suggests that the 'woo' and 'wed' in the next line are so far confirmative of the reading, 'bastards,' "as they indicate Shakespeare's manner of connection by unmarked influences of association from some preceding metaphor." Taken together, these reasons seem almost sufficient to justify a change in the text.

p. 33. "—— *with his* cicatrice" :— The original misprints, "One Captain Spurio his *ficatrice, with* an emblem," &c. It was corrected by Theobald.

" "Stay [*with*] the King" :— The original has, "Stay the King;" and all modern editors read, "Stay; — the King —" making these words an interrupted speech, and adding the stage direction, *Seeing him rise*. But it does not appear that the *King* rises; rather the contrary, as the subsequent business of the Scene seems to show; whereas when the *King* bids the departing lords farewell, he says to *Bertram*, "Come hither to me;" and Bertram and the

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rest deplore that he is to stay behind. It therefore appears plain that when *Parolles* turns and asks, "What will *you* do?" *Bertram* replies, 'Stay with the King,' — 'with' having been omitted in the MS. or dropped out after being put in type, as Mr. Collier has suggested.

p. 34. "I'll *see* thee to stand up": — Thus the original; meaning, I think, 'I would have thee stand up.' But Rowe read, "I'll *fee* thee, &c.;" and Mr. Knight explains the text as meaning 'I'll notice you when you stand.'

" "*And* write to her a love-line": — There is no greater ellipsis or want of connection in this passage, the sense of which is obvious, than commonly obtained with Shakespeare and his contemporaries But Malone thought that a line had been lost; and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*To* write to her," &c.

p. 35. "In what he did profess, *well found*": — Stevens, and, after him, the other editors hitherto, define this phrase as meaning "of known, acknowledged excellence;" but quite erroneously. It means, well furnished, and has survived in that sense here, in the phrase 'wages so much a day, or a month, and found;' i. e., the laborer is provided with bed and board in addition to his wages. I have seen in old newspapers advertisements of steamboat lines, in which the fare was announced as three dollars, for instance, "and found;" — meaning that for that sum food and lodging were provided on the passage.

p. 36. "Thou thought'st to help me": — With the rhyming couplets which commence at this line, a great change in the cast of thought and expression is noticeable. What goes before of this Scene, is in the style of *Measure for Measure;* what comes after, in that of the least admirable parts of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

" "Since you *set up your rest*": — This phrase, as Nares has shown in his Glossary, had its origin in the game of *primero,* in which it meant to 'stand' upon the cards in one's hand. But, as Mr. Verplanck has well remarked, having become familiar in its secondary sense, it was then used without any reference or comparison, by either speaker or hearer, to its literal sense. "Such phrases," he adds, "become merely a proverbial or idiomatic mode of expression, where the original allusion is quite out of sight."

" "So holy writ *in babes,*" &c.: — See *Matthew* xi. 25.

" "Oft expectation fails," &c.: — A rhyme is wanting to this line; but such a lack is quite common in old

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plays; and I have remarked that it most frequently occurs immediately before the last couplet of a speech.

p. 36. "—— and despair most *fits*": — The original has "*shifts*," which, it being plainly a corruption, Pope changed to "*sits*;" but 'fits,' which appears both in Lord Ellesmere's corrected copy of the original folio and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, is much the more appropriate word, and equally near the trace of that in the old text.

p. 37. "—— the level of mine aim": — Dr. Johnson thus paraphrases this passage; perhaps not altogether superfluously: "I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and desire another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud; I think what I speak."

" "The *greatest* grace," &c.: — Capell read "*great'st*;" but the word is not contracted in the original; and the superfluous syllable rather helps than harms the rhythm of the passage.

" "—— Hesperus hath quench'd *his* sleepy lamp": — The original has "*her*," an error which very probably was caused by the old orthography *hir*.

" "—— *the worst* of worst extended:" — This text needs no explanation. The original has "*ne worse* of worst extended," 'y^e' having probably been mistaken for 'ne,' as Mr. George S. Hillard of Boston suggested to me, and 'worst' having been misprinted 'worse.' 'Worst of worst' was a common phrase in Shakespeare's time, but '*worse* of worst' has no meaning, and could have had none at any time. The passage without these corrections is impenetrably obscure. Rowe, who has been generally followed, read "*no* worse," &c.; Malone proposed "*nay, worst* of worst," &c.; and Boswell, "*nor* worse of worst," supposing that "the purity of Helena's sentiment" expressed itself in saying that "although that [loss of reputation] would not be worse, or a more extended evil, than what I have mentioned, the loss of my honour, which is the worst that could happen, let me die," &c. But this is overstraining the delicacy of a lady who obtains a husband, will he nill he, and makes him the father of her children by fraud. In this passage the play closely follows the old tale, in which *Giletta* says, "and if I dooe not heale you within these eight daies, let me be burnte."

p. 38. "Youth, beauty," &c.: — The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, for the sake of completing the measure, added 'honour' to this line, after 'courage,' where Warburton had previously placed 'virtue;' but there is no more need than authority for either addition.

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p. 38. "—— and my hopes of *Heaven*": — The original has "my hopes of *helpe*." But the scene is in rhyming couplets and the *King's* hopes of help were not enough to sweu by; and therefore Thirlby's conjectural emendation 'Heaven' has good claim to a place in the text.

" "—— or *image* of thy state": — Warburton read "*impage*," which — to imp meaning to graft — accords well with the context, and is a very ingenious conjectural emendation. Heath's objection to it, that 'impage' is a word found nowhere else, even if here, is of no moment: the formation is in accordance with the genius of the language, and the meaning of the word is unmistakable and appropriate. Neither Shakespeare nor any other poet needs a precedent or a commentator under such circumstances. The true objection to 'impage' is that it is not needed. 'Image' is quite comprehensible, and Shakespeare dealt freely with metaphors. Here the play follows the old tale minutely. In that *Giletta* says, "Sire, I am verie well content that you bestowe me in marriage: but I will have such a husbande as I my self shall demande, without presumpcion to any of your children or other of your bloudde."

Scene II.

p. 39. "As fit as ten groats," &c.: — The comparisons in this speech explain themselves; but perhaps it is well to remark that the French crown was not only a piece of money, but the cant name of one of the consequences of what was known in Shakespeare's day as the French disease; — that taffata seems to have been then much worn by women of the town: — that the humbler classes were in the habit of exchanging rush rings at their betrothals, and that there is probably here a covert allusion of an indelicate nature; — that to eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday is a custom still existing in some parts of England from time immemorial, the bell rung on that day being called 'the pancake bell;' — that the morris dance was prominent among those which were danced on May-day in the merry England of the olden time; — and that 'pudding' here means, a large sausage. The morris dance, so often alluded to in these plays, was of Moorish origin, whence its name, and was, in fact, the *fandango* modified to suit English tastes. Blount, in his *Glossographia*, has this passage: "Morisco, a Moor; also a dance, so called, wherein there were usually five men, and a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they called the Maid Marian, or, perhaps, Morian, from the Italian Morione, a headpiece,

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because her head was wont to be gaily trimmed up. Common people call it a morris dance." The dance was often performed at fairs with castagnets, almost in its pure Spanish form. Mr. Douce, who wrote quite a dissertation upon the subject in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, &c., says, — "It has been supposed that the morris dance was first brought into England in the time of Edward III., when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, but it is much more probable that we had it from our Gallic neighbors, or even from the Flemings. Few if any vestiges of it can be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII., about which time, and particularly in that of Henry VIII., the churchwardens' accounts in several parishes afford materials that throw much light on the subject, and show that the morris dance made a very considerable figure in the parochial festivals. . . . We find also," he continues, "that other festivals and ceremonies had their morris; as, holy Thursday; the Whitsun ales; the bride ales, or weddings; and a sort of play, or pageant, called the Lord of Misrule. Sheriffs, too, had their morris dance. . . . It is by no means clear that, at any time, Robin Hood and his companions were *constituent* characters in the morris." There is at Betley, in Staffordshire, England, an ancient painted window, surely as old as the early days of Henry VIII., and thought by Mr. Douce to be of the time of Edward IV., which represents the figures of the morris dance. They are eleven in number; and among them are Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, the Hobby-horse, the Piper and Taborer, and the Fool. The other figures appear merely to represent the various ranks of life. Nearly all of them have bells at the knees or the ankles. — And, may not the old nursery rhyme about the old woman with "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes" have some connection with this dance? — Will Kempe, the celebrated comic actor, who was well known to Shakespeare, and who was a great morris dancer, gives an account, in his *Nine Daies Wonder*, of his dancing from London to Norwich, about a hundred miles. From Sudbury he was accompanied at first by a butcher, who broke down in half a mile; but a lusty country lass, calling him of the cleaver "a faint-hearted lout," took his place and danced a mile with Kempe, who gave her at parting a crown, and, as he daintily expresses it, "her skin full of drink." Let political economists and utilitarian historians say what they will, those were merry days: what would be thought now of an actor dancing a hundred miles in broad daylight, to the sound of pipe and tabor? and what of the butcher who should dance with him?

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p. 40. "I play the noble housewife:" — This speech is printed as prose in the original. Mr. Knight first gave it as verse.

SCENE III.

p. 41. "—— both of Galen and Paracelsus": — When Shakespeare wrote, the reputation of Paracelsus rivalled that of Galen; and although he was dissolute, fanatical, visionary, and what we call a humbug, he was by no means either an impostor or a quack.

p. 42. "Lustique, *as the Dutchman says*": — Capell discovered the Dutchman here alluded to. He is a character named *Jacob Van Smelt*, in a play called *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, printed in 1600, but written, doubtless, long before. He uses this word 'lustique' very often.

p. 43. "Thou hast *repeal'd*": — i. e., called back, — the radical sense of the word.

" "—— marry, to each *but one*": — i. e., but one mistress. It would be altogether superfluous to make this explanation, had not the editors, following Monck Mason, generally interpreted the passage 'to each of you, *except* one,' i. e., *Bertram*. But *Helena's* exacting disposition peeps out here; and in the first line of her speech as well as the second. She says not, To each of you *a* fair and virtuous mistress, but, using the emphatic form, "*one* fair and virtuous mistress:"

There is here in the original a stage direction, "*She addresses herself to a Lord.*"

p. 44. "—— throw *ames-ace*" — i. e., both aces, the lowest throw; which ill luck is contrasted with the good fortune of being chosen by *Helena*.

" "But if thou be'st not an ass," &c.: — The editors and commentators have hitherto either distorted this speech or mangled it, and distributed the members among the characters, on account of an obscurity which certainly does exist, if we do not keep the action of the Scene before our mind's eye, and see that the hopes first expressed by the old courtier are dashed by *Bertram's* turning away from *Helena* as she pauses before him, and before she has spoken. Then *Lafeu* says, "*But* [i. e., although thy father did drink wine] if thou be'st not an ass," &c.

p. 45. "—— thou dislik'st *Of* virtue": — Here again we have the French idiom. See the second Note on this play.

" "—— *when* virtuous things proceed": — The original

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has "whence," which was corrected by Theobald on the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby. The misprint and its correction are obvious.

p. 46. "—— which to *defeat*": — Thus the folio. But Theobald read "which to *defend*," and has been very generally followed. The change defeats the author's intention. The *King's* honor was neither to be defended nor defeated; his need was to defeat the putting of his honor at the stake.

p. 47. "—— *expedient* on the *new born brief*": — that is, 'shall be expeditiously performed upon the newly issued license,' or formal consent of the *King* to the marriage of his ward. The original prints "the *now* borne briefe," a manifest typographical error, hardly worthy of remark.

" "*Exeunt* KING," &c.: — The old stage direction is, "*Parolles and Lafeu stay behind commenting of their wedding.*"

" "—— for two *ordinaries*": — that is, 'during two dinners at the ordinary.' It is only within a few years that 'ordinary' has been entirely displaced from the signs of the second class of restaurants in New York.

p. 48. "—— for *doing* I am past": — There is a quibble here upon 'do,' (See Note on 'I could not do withal,' *Mer. of Ven.* Act III. Sc. 4,) and also upon 'past;' the latter referring both to *Lafeu's* age and to his passing by *Parolles*.

p. 49. "—— than the *commission* of your birth and virtue gives you *heraldry*": — It is very plain that *Lafeu* tells *Parolles* that he thrusts himself among those who are his superiors both in birth and rank: 'commission' is used in the sense of 'warrant,' and 'heraldry' comprehensively for that which determines social position. Hanmer needlessly read "than the *heraldry* of your birth and virtue gives you *commission*," and is generally followed; but what is the heraldry of virtue? Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has the plausible reading, "the *condition* of your birth," &c.

p. 50. "War is no strife," &c.: — that is, 'the strife of war is not to be compared to the trial of a gloomy household,' &c. The folio has 'detected wife;' but as there is no implication of unchastity, there was doubtless a slight corruption, which Rowe corrected.

" "A young man *married* is a man that's *marr'd*": — The quibble here is just worth noticing because it depends upon the same sound of the *a* in both words, and the full pronunciation of the participial *ed* in both when this play was written. The contraction of the last, for

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rhyme's sake, would not destroy the little joke for an ear accustomed to the full sound of both words.

SCENE IV.

p. 51. "—— mine own good *fortunes*": — The original has "*fortune*" — a misprint, as appears by 'them' in the reply of *Parolles*.

p. 52. "Away, thou'rt a knave": — The contraction in the original here, and usually, if not always, elsewhere, is "*th'art*." The custom of old in the contraction of two words was to elide the terminal rather than the initial vowel.

" —— or were you taught to find me": — After this first sentence of the *Clown's* reply, the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 interpolates the following speech by *Lafeu*, to which the remainder of the *Clown's* speech is thus made a reply. "*Go to, I say: I have found thee: no more: I have found thee, a witty fool.*" The sense of the original is perfect in every respect; and there appears neither necessity nor warrant for this addition to it.

SCENE V.

p. 53. "I took this lark for a *bunting*": — The bunting, a very courageous but silent bird, is so like the timid, tuneful lark that they can with difficulty be distinguished.

" —— and *accordingly* valiant": — This does not mean 'therefore valiant,' but 'valiant in accordance' with his greatness in knowledge.

p. 54. "*End* ere I do begin": — The folio has "*And;*" an obvious misprint, which was strangely left uncorrected until the discovery of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" —— like him that *leaped into the custard*": — "It was," says Theobald, "a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large, deep custard, set for the purpose." Jonson, in his *Devil is an Ass*, speaks of one who at the "tail of a sheriff's dinner" may "take his Almain-leap into a custard."

p. 56. "Where are my other men": — Theobald first suggested that this part of *Helena's* speech belonged to *Bertram*. "What other men," he asks, "is *Helen* here inquiring after? Or who is she supposed to ask for them?" His suggestion has been adopted by some editors without sufficient reflection. *Helena*, as the wife of the Count of Rousillon, or even as his mother's ward, about to set out

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on a journey, would certainly need and have quite a retinue, including some armed men; and some of these she asks where the others are. For this reason the stage direction for her entrance should be, as it is here first given, "*Enter* HELENA, *attended.*" That she is so attended, is shown by the old stage direction when she arrives at Rousillon, (Act III. Sc. 2,) *Enter* HELENA *and two Gentlemen*, no less than by the Countess' assurance before she sets out, (Act I. Sc. 3,) that she shall have "means and attendants."

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 56. The orignal stage direction at the head of this Scene is, "*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troupe of Souldiers,*" and the first reply to the Duke has the prefix "*Lord;*" the second, "*French E;*" the third, "*French G.*" This, at the first blush, would seem to indicate four speakers; and Mr. Collier supposes that the first reply is made by a Florentine in attendance on the *Duke*, and that the other speeches are made by a French Gentleman and a French Envoy. But the *Duke* evidently enters at the end of a conversation in which he has been setting forth what any Florentine would have known, "the fundamental reasons of this war;" and the reply, "Holy *seems* the quarrel," is not that of one interested in the question by ties of blood and country, but of one who has reached a conclusion step by step. The *Duke's* rejoinder is expostulatory; and, beginning "therefore," and being based upon the admission of the holiness of his cause, it is evidently addressed to the person who made that admission; and who thus, in a manner, put upon his defence for his sovereign, excuses himself by saying that he is "a common and an outward man" — that is, that he knows nothing of the state secrets: — evidence unanswerable that he is not a French *Envoy*, and that the first two replies are made by the same person. It has been the general custom to assign the last two speeches to one person, 2 *Lord;* but this is entirely at variance with the directions of the original, and is altogether unjustifiable. The question of these prefixes in this Scene is of small importance; but it extends itself to various others. In the next as well as in this, Mr. Collier, with Mr. Hudson, and other of his followers, have *Envoy* and *Gentleman;* and so also in Sc. 6, and in Sc. 1 and Sc. 3 of Act IV. They do so, because in those Scenes the prefixes have E and G; but

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most strangely they neglect to introduce the same characters in Act II. Sc. 1, where the prefixes distinguishing the nameless lords who converse with the King of France, have also the letters E and G. They seem also not to have remarked the fatal inconsistency of making their French Envoy and Gentleman, who, in the first Scene of the present Act, are in Florence, enter, in the second Scene, the Castle of Rousillon in France, in company with *Helena*, who set out from Florence at the end of the preceding Act. The truth seems to be, that these letters E and G are transfers to the folio of mere prompters' guides. In Act II. Sc. 1, they appear as Lords "1 *Lord G.*" and "2 *Lord E;*" in Act III. (the present) Sc. 1, they are shown by the stage direction, "*the two* Frenchmen," to be the same Lords, although they are designated merely as "*French E*" and "*French G;*" in the next Scene they are merely two gentlemen; the old stage direction being "*Enter Helen and two Gentlemen;*" and in Sc. 6 of this Act, and in Sc. 3 of Act IV., they are again the two lords who are *Bertram's* friends, although they are designated as "*Cap. E*" and "*Cap. G;*" for the original stage direction in the former is, "*Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first,*" and in the latter, "*Enter the two French Captaines,*" &c. They are called Captains now because they have command in the Florentine army. E and G were evidently but the initial letters of the actors who played, 'doubling,' as it is called, these inferior parts.

p. 57. "By *self-unable* motion": — i. e., entirely of his own motion, (*motu proprio,*) which, he being "an outward man," was incompetent. Warburton somewhat plausibly read "self-unable *notion.*"

Scene II.

p. 58. "—— *hold* a goodly manor *for a song*": — This expresses not the tenure by which the melancholy man held the manor, but the value he set on it: — he held it worth a song, or, in other words, he loved music more than money. The folio of 1664 reads "*sold* a goodly manor," &c., and has been universally followed hitherto, except by Mr. Knight; but though we talk of selling for a mere song, *song* in this passage must needs be used literally, not metaphorically. Mr. Knight would most strangely have the manor "granted to a minstrel for his song," and held "by a melancholy successor," "competent to discharge the service." But how about the intermediate holders? Were they all, like Milton's nightingale, most musical, most melancholy? If not, the title would have lapsed

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p. 59. "*Enter* HELENA *and two* Gentlemen": — See the first Note on Sc. 1 of this Act.

p. 60. "—— all the griefs *are* thine": — This may be understood as 'all thy griefs,' that is, 'all the griefs *which* are thine,' and the turn of the phrase, as well as the thought, is quite Elizabethan; yet it is not improbable that Shakespeare wrote — as Monck Mason conjectured — 'all the griefs *as* thine.'

" "With his *inducement*": — i. e., with his training, instruction. We still speak of inducting youth into science, letters, or morals.

" "The fellow has a deal of that, too much," &c.: — This passage is very obscure. Warburton explained it as meaning that "his [*Parolles*] vices stand him in stead." Heath paraphrased it, "this fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can judge that he has much in him; i. e., folly and ignorance." Neither exegesis is satisfactory. "That" has always been regarded as referring to "wickedness" in the *Countess's* speech; but may it not be merely a definitive belonging to "too-much" in the sense of 'excess' = *nimis*? This explanation is at least not more unsatisfactory than the others which have been given, and is quite accordant with the style of many parts of the play. Hanmer read, "that *'hoves* him *not* much to have;" a desperate effort, which effected little.

p. 61. "—— the *violent* speed of fire": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*volant* speed."

" "—— move the *still piecing* air": — that is, the air which is woundless. The original has "still-*peering*," which I once supposed might possibly be 'still *'pearing*,' i. e., appearing still, even when it is moved; but this is too literal and materially true. The reading "still *piecing*" was brought forward by Steevens, having been suggested before; and it appears in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But, until the appearance of Mr. Verplanck's edition, it was never entirely sustained as it might have been by this passage:

> "—— the elements
> Of which your swords are temper'd may as well
> Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd at stabs,
> Kill the *still closing* waters."
>
> *The Tempest*, Act III. Sc. 3.

Mr. Verplanck also happily conjectured that the idea might have been suggested "by a passage in the apocryphal book of the Wisdom of Solomon: — 'As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot

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tell where it went through.'" To this the following may be added:

"—— may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air."

Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 1.

And Shakespeare seems to have written "sings with piercing," not only having in mind the actual noise made by a bullet, but hearing in this, with the ear of his imagination, the utterance of a joyous defiance by the invulnerable air, like that of "the still closing waters" at "the bemock'd at stabs" of *Alonzo* and his companions.

p. 62. "To *consolate* thine ear": — This, of course, means only 'to console thine ear.' Shakespeare seems to have had a fondness for giving verbs this form.

SCENE III.

" "Sir, it *is*": — The folio has merely "Sir it;" 'is' having doubtless dropped out.

SCENE IV.

p. 63. "I am *St. Jacques'* pilgrim": — Reed discovered in Heylin's *France painted to the Life*, 1656, that there was at Orleans a church dedicated to St. Jacques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort. But it is more than probable that Shakespeare knew nothing of this; and the fact has no relation whatever to the dramatic progress, the interest, or even the *vraisemblance* of the scene. For his purposes one saint was as good as another, — St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick excepted.

" "I, his *despiteful Juno*": — The allusion is to the severe trials to which Hercules was exposed at the instigation of Juno.

SCENE V.

p. 65. "—— a filthy *officer*": — Here 'officer' is not used to convey an idea of *Parolles'* military rank. The phrase means, 'a filthy doer,' 'one who does a filthy office.'

" "—— those *suggestions* for the young *Earl*": — i. e., 'those temptations.' It is hardly necessary to remark that *Bertram* is called an Earl because that title corresponds to the French 'Count.'

' "Where do the *palmers* lodge?" — All pilgrims were not palmers; and as one distinction between them was, that the former travelled to a certain shrine, but the latter to all, *Helena* seems to have been properly a pilgrim. But Shakespeare used the terms interchangeably.

" "Ay, marry is't," &c.: — The arrangement of the lines here is very unrhythmical in the folio; and it is evident

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that the irregularity of the verse is not due to the printer. The arrangement in the text, although it gives one line of fifteen syllables, making seven feet, seems the best that can be made.

p. 66. "*Whatsoe'er* he is": — The folio has "*Whatsomere*," as in a few other places: but this form of the word seems to have been put in the mouths of any except clownish characters only by accident.

" "*I write*, good creature, wheresoe'er she is," &c.: — Thus the original — 'write' being used in the sense of 'declare,' and the construction being 'I write her heart weighs sadly,' the clause "good creature, wheresoe'er she is," being parenthetical. 'Write' was thus used of old, and occurs in that sense in this very play in *Bertram's* letter to *Helena;* where "but in such a 'then' I write a 'never'" has plainly no reference to the use of pen and ink, but to the announcement of a determination; and also in *Lafeu's* speech, Act II. Sc. 3, "and writ as little beard." The passage has hitherto been given either, "I write good creature" — as meaning 'I declare that she is a good creature,' which is a most uncouth expression of an opinion that the *Widow* had no means of forming and no occasion to express; or, "*Ay right;* good creature," &c. — it being supposed that the *I* of the original is the affirmative particle, (always spelled so in the folio,) and that 'write,' as Mr. Dyce (who with Mr. Knight adopts this reading) says, was "occasioned by the compositor's having followed his copy only so far as to give the *sound* of the word, not its proper spelling." But these needless conjectures only result in a very inappropriate exclamation; for *Diana's* observation is of such a nature that a woman would not cry out 'Ay, right!' upon it; whereas it is calculated to elicit the expression of sympathy embodied in the original text.

p. 67. "And *brokes* with all," &c.: — See Note on "a goodly broker." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act. I. Sc. 2.

p. 68. "—— some precepts *of* this virgin": — Thus the original. 'Of' and 'on' are still used interchangeably in New England; though it is generally 'on' that is used for 'of.'

SCENE VI.

" "*Enter* BERTRAM *and the two* French Lords": — These two French Lords are called *Cap. E.* and *Cap. G.* in the prefixes. See the first Note on Sc. I. of this Act.

p. 69. "—— the *leaguer* of the adversaries": — 'Leaguer' is the Dutch *legher* = a place where an army is set down, or laid, — a camp. It was at first used, like other imported words, in its original form. We should perhaps

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read 'the adver*sary*' or 'the adver*sary's*.' See Notes on Act IV. Sc. 1.

p. 69. "—— this counterfeit lump of *ore*" :—The folio has "*ours*" — an almost obvious corruption, which Theobald rectified. Rowe had previously given "*his* success" for "*this* success." Much musty learning has been aired by the commentators about "*John Drum's entertainment*," which plainly means nothing but 'what Paddy gave the drum' — to substitute a modern for an ancient phrase.

" "—— the *humour* of his design" :—By an easy misprint, which occurred more than once in the folio, we have in that volume "the *honour* of his design." This Mr. Collier retains, with the explanation that this honor is the honor *Parolles* will pretend to gain by his exploit; forgetting that just before, this very speaker had himself detailed a plan for the most effectual hindering of that honor. "In any *hand*" is an old idiom for 'in any *case*.'

p. 70. "—— or *hic jacet*" :—The reader hardly needs to be reminded that these words are the commencement of the common inscription on old tombstones.

" "—— pen down my *dilemmas*" :—Master Words is talking largely: he uses 'dilemmas' for 'plans.'

p. 71. "—— we have almost *emboss'd* him" :—See Note on "the poor cur is emboss'd." *Induction* to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Sc. I.

" "I must go look to my twigs," &c. :—There is some confusion of the prefixes here in the original, owing, it would seem, to the change from prose to verse at this line, which led to its assignment to another speaker, *Cap. E.* or 1 *Lord*. (See the first Note on this Act.) The next reply to *Bertram* has the prefix *Cap. G.* or 2 *Lord*, and the last two are assigned to *Cap. E.* or 1 *Lord*. But plainly he who says "I'll leave you," 2 *Lord* or *Cap. G.*, is he who says "I must go look to my twigs," and the prefix *Cap. E.* or 1 *Lord* appears at the head of this line by accident. Hitherto the error has been corrected by giving both these lines to *Cap. E.* or 1 *Lord*, and the last two replies to *Bertram* to *Cap. G.* or 2 *Lord* :—that is, by supposing three typographical errors instead of one.

Scene VII.

p. 72. "*But* I shall lose the grounds" :—that is, 'except I shall lose,' or, 'without losing,' &c.

p. 73. "—— his *important* blood" :—i. e., his importunate blood.

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p. 73. "—— the *County* wears": — i. e., the Count. See Note on "a goodly count-confect." *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

" "—— after [*this*]": — The original omits 'this,' which is found in the second folio.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

p. 74. "*First* Lord *with five or six* Soldiers *disguised*," &c.: — The original stage direction is "*Enter one of the Frenchmen with five or six other souldiers in ambush.*" The prefix to the first speech of this Frenchman is "1 *Lord E.*," afterward "*Lord E.*" He is called "*Cap. E.*" in the last Scene of Act III. See the first Note on that Act.

' "—— i' th' *adversary's* entertainment": — The folio has "adversa*ries*;" but the nominative and possessive plural and the possessive singular are so often printed the one for the other in our old books, that there can be no doubt of the propriety of adopting the latter here. A soldier always calls an opposing army the enemy or the adversary, not the enemies or the adversaries.

p. 75 "Wherefore, *what's the instance?*" — i. e., what is the assurance of all this, the support? what does it rest upon? — the word being used in its radical sense (*in stare*) here as well as elsewhere; for instance, [i. e., in support of this view,] —

> "A certain instance that Glendower is dead;"
> *Henry IV.* Part 2, Act III. Sc. 1.

and *Ford's* remark, "Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 2. Shakespeare's frequent use of words derived from the Latin, with the subtlest and surest perception of their radical signification, is one of the most noteworthy traits of his style. Mr. Collier and Mr. Singer strangely define 'instance' by 'motive,' and. with many other modern editors, destroy the force of the question by printing "Wherefore? what's the instance?"

" "Bajazet's *mute*": — The original has "Bajazet's *mule*," which might very easily be printed for 'mute;' and that it was so, the peculiar appositeness of the latter word, the fact that Eastern monarchs have mutes as their attendants, and the want of any particular propriety in the former word, especially as it would bring to mind Ba-

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laam's ass that did speak, make quite certain enough for so unimportant a correction.

p 75. "Or the *baring* of my beard": — See "to be so bared before his death." *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

SCENE II.

p. 78. "What is not holy," &c.: — This passage, as it appears in the text, requires no explanation, except, perhaps, that "holding" is used in the sense of 'consistency,' which is only a holding together. In the original it appears thus corrupted and incomprehensible: —

"What is not holie, that we sweare not by
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me
If I should sweare by *Ioues* great attributes
I loued you deerely, would you beleeue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him *whom* I protest to loue
That I will worke against him."

But this is given in the generally received text, including the *Variorum*, Mr. Collier's, and Mr. Knight's, and is, of course, much be-commented, and to little purpose. Mr. Collier's explanation is, that the first 'him' refers to Jove, and the last to the supposed beloved, which involves a use of 'whom' and 'him' and a topsy-turviness of thought that might obtain in the pauper lunatic asylums of a country where there are no common schools, but nowhere else. Johnson and Malone proposed to read,

"To swear *to* him whom I protest to love
That I will work against him."

But surely nothing more is gained by making *Diana* protest love, and swear *to* the man whom she protests to love that she will work against him, than by making her take such an oath *by* him. This is sheer absurdity; not the inconsistency implied by *Diana*. Mr. Collier's corrector struck out the passage in despair. Mr. Singer proposes,

"To swear by him *when* I protest to Love," &c.

This is identical in one point with my own previous conjecture, and does something towards the correction of the passage. But the chief difficulty — the determination of the antecedent of the last 'him' — still exists; for to suppose it to refer to Jove, and that to "work against him" means merely to break the oath taken in his name, is to force a very lame and impotent construction. In the folio "Ioue" plainly stands in the place of '*love*.' Editors, and printers too, perhaps, have been confirmed in the error by supposing "the highest" to refer necessarily

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to the chief of the gods; but there is no reason for such a limitation. *Diana* says, —

"What is *not* holy that we swear not by,
But take the highest [i. e., the most sacred] to witness,"

and *Bertram*, in his reply, says "love is holy," showing plainly that the supposed oath was in Love's name. It will be seen that the setting up of *I* for *l*, an error which occurs continually at this day, and the mistake of 'whom' for 'when,' an error almost equally common, have caused the trouble. This is made the surer by the fact that in Act II. Sc. 3 of this very play, in the passage

"Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,"

the second folio prints "imperiall *Ioue*." Note also here the application of 'most high' [highest] to Love: the epithet, quite surely, having led in both passages to the easy misprint of 'Ioue' for 'loue.' This misprint was not uncommon. See it in the following lines from Shirley's *Schoole of Complement:*

"Lie there usurper of Alcides name
Bold Centaure: so he's dead, by this I prove
I am *love* borne." Act III. p. 36, ed. 1637.

Where, of course, the true reading is 'Jove-born.' In the passage under consideration, 'him' in both cases refers to Love. *Diana* may well say, and evidently means to say, that there is no holding [consistency] in swearing by Love, when she protests to Love that she will work against him.

p. 79. "I see that men make *rope's* in such a *scarre*": — Thus the original and the three succeeding folios; the passage being almost universally thought to be much corrupted. No emendation worthy of consideration has been proposed, the editor has none to offer, and therefore the text is left as it is found in the folio. It is just worth while to state that Rowe read "*hopes* in such *affairs*," Malone, "*hopes* in such a *scene*," and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "*hopes* in such a *suit*," and that Mr. Singer read at first, "*hopes* in such a *war*," which he has abandoned for "*hopes* in such a scarre" — explaining 'scarre' as any surprise or alarm. Henley had previously proposed to read '*scare*.' The only meaning discovered for 'scarre' is 'a rocky cliff.' See *Supplementary Notes*.

p. 80. "He *has* sworn to marry me": — The folio has "He *had* sworn," &c.; a palpable misprint hitherto retained.

" "Since *Frenchmen* are so *braid*": — Why Frenchmen? Would *Diana* deny herself a husband of any nation because Frenchmen were so braid — i. e., so deceitful? Han-

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mer read, without comment, "Since *men* are so braid." It is quite probable that he was right in so doing; for the line has here a superfluous syllable, and 'French' may be the result of a repetition in the MS. of 'since.' Richardson and Mr. Dyce regard *braid* as from the Anglo Saxon *braegan* = *diripere*, and as meaning 'violent' — according to Mr. Dyce — in desire; but it seems rather from the Anglo Saxon *bred* = deceitful. This etymology of the word is confirmed, in the present instance, by the next two lines of *Diana's* speech. She thinks it "no sin to cozen him that would unjustly win:" she pays him in his own coin — deceit. See Note on "unbraided wares." *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

SCENE III.

p. 81. "Is it not *most* damnable in us": — This is Malone's reading. The folio has "*meant* damnable" — from which no sense accordant with the context can be extracted. The corruption of 'most' into 'meant' is an easy one, and the former word is just what is wanted. Mr. Verplanck suggests "Is it not *mean*, damnable," &c.

" "—— his company *anatomiz'd*": — The folio prints "anathomiz'd." See Note on "which to annotanize," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 1, and the *Introduction* to *Much Ado about Nothing*.

p. 82. "The *stranger* part of it": — The original has "*stronger*" — a manifest misprint for the word in the text, which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 83. "—— this counterfeit *module*, *h' as* deceived me": — 'Module' is but another form of model — one coming through the Latin *modulus*, the other through the French *modelle*. The folio prints "*ha s* deceived me," for which most editors, following the *Variorum*, give "*he* has," and others 'has,' without a nominative. That it is a contracted form, from which the mark of elision fell out, the next speech, which is correctly given by all the editors, shows. "Bring him forth, h' as fate i' th' stockes all night," &c. The verb 'has' with a nominative pronoun is very frequently printed *h' as*. This practice of omitting the pronoun obtained even in the early part of the "Augustan Age" of English literature. As for instance: "*Lady Wishfor't*. Foible's a lost thing: has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since." Congreve's *Way of the World*, (1700,) Act III. Sc. 1.

p. 84. "All's one to him": — In the original this forms part of *Parolles'* previous speech, to which it manifestly cannot belong, unless "him" is a misprint for 'me,' which

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is quite improbable. It was with great propriety assigned by Steevens to *Bertram*, who enters thoroughly convinced of his companion's poltroonery.

p. 84. "—— in the *chape* of his dagger": — In the hook or button of his dagger. See Note on "a broken hilt and chapeless." *Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. Sc. 2.

p. 85. "But I *con* him no thanks for 't": — Steevens says that "to *con thanks* exactly answers the French *scavoir gré*. To *con* is to *know*." The phrase 'to con thanks' occurs in various authors from the time of Chaucer to Shakespeare. Its idiomatic force is probably altogether inappreciable by us. Steevens' explanation is far from being satisfactory.

" "—— if I were to live [*but*] this present hour": — The original omits 'but,' which is now for the first time restored. It is absolutely required, unless 'live' is a misprint, or a slip of the pen, for 'die.'

p. 86. "—— the *Shrieve's Fool*": — Ritson remarked upon this passage, "We are not to suppose that this was a *fool* kept by the *sheriff* for his diversion," and rested this opinion upon the fact that the custody of idiots possessed of landed property, and the use of their revenue, belonged of old to the King, but that "where the land was of inconsiderable value, the *natural* was maintained out of the profits by the *sheriff*, who accounted for them to the crown." This opinion has been adopted without question by subsequent editors, in spite of its inconclusiveness, and in spite of the complete refutation of it by Mr. Douce, at once the most acute and learned of Shakespeare's antiquarian commentators. Mr. Douce remarks, "Now if this was the law, the sheriff must have usually had more than one idiot in his custody; and had Shakespeare alluded to one of these persons, he would not have chosen so definite an expression as that in question; he would rather have said '*a* sheriff's fool.' Female idiots were retained in families for diversion, as well as male; and there would be as much reason to expect one of the former in the sheriff's household as in that of any other person." The present editor has in his possession several old prints in which household fools are represented, some of which are women. He is also cognizant of a case, that occurred not long ago in New York, in all respects correspondent to that stated by *Parolles*, which, not improbably, was founded upon a fact within Shakespeare's knowledge.

The reader will find in Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, &c., a dissertation upon Clowns and Fools sufficiently learned and minute to satisfy the most exacting

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curiosity; but as the Fool in this comedy is called a Clown, here seems to be as proper a place as any for a few remarks upon this character, based partly upon Mr. Douce's dissertation, but chiefly upon a consideration of the Fools and Clowns which figure so prominently in these plays. Mr. Douce's opinion that "it remains to be proved" that Shakespeare "has most judiciously varied and discriminated his fools" (and Mr. Douce includes the Clowns among the Fools) does not seem to be well founded. The contrary, indeed, appears to be quite obvious. Who, for instance, could confound the courtly and sententious *Touchstone*, or the heroic, ideal Fool in *Lear*, with the shrewd lout who is the Clown of *Love's Labour's Lost*, the garrulous vagabond Clown of *Measure for Measure*, the impudent wag of this play, or even the whimsical, good-natured *Trinculo!* The Clown or Fool of the Shakespearian stage was a successor to the Vice of the old Moralities, and was forced upon the playwright as one of his dramatis personæ by the necessity of providing amusement for the less intelligent part of his audience. (See *Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama*, Vol. I.) The Clown and the Fool were not identical: but both fulfilled the same dramatic, and, in a measure, the same domestic function. Douce considers them, with his usual discrimination, as of nine sorts: 1. The general domestic Fool, who was either a mere natural or idiot, silly, yet cunning and sarcastic, or merely professional; 2. The Clown, either a mere country booby, a witty rustic, or a shrewd, presuming, and tolerated servant; 3. The female Fool, who was generally an idiot; 4. The city or corporation Fool, (such as leaped into the custard: See Note, Act II. Sc. 5;) 5. Tavern Fools, retained to amuse customers; 6. The Fool of the ancient theatrical Mysteries and Moralities, who was not strictly a Fool, but the Vice, above alluded to, and who gradually passed into the allowed Fool or Clown; 7. The Fool in the old Dumb Shows, in which he was generally engaged in a struggle with Death; (See "thou art Death's Fool," *Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. 1;) 8. The Fool in the Whitsun ales and Morris dance; and 9. The mountebank's Fool or Merry Andrew.

The practice of having Fools, as Mr. Douce remarks, "prevailed from the palace to the brothel. The Pope had his fool and the bawd had hers," (the Clown in *Measure for Measure* is one of the latter kind;) "and ladies entertained them of both sexes." Among the ancient prints, before mentioned, in the possession of the present editor, is one representing Daniel in the Lion's Den. The time chosen by the artist is that of the visit of King Darius to the Den; and of all the attendants

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upon the royal Mede, his Fool, in full feather of cockscomb and bawble, is most prominent.

The general conduct of the Fool is thus described in *Wit's Miserie*, a tract published in 1599: —

"Immoderate and disordinate joy became incorporate in the bodie of a jeaster; this fellow in person is comely, in apparell courtly, but in behaviour a very ape, and no man; his studie is to coine bitter jeasts, or to shew antique motions, or to sing baudie sonnets and ballads; give him a little wine in his head, he is continually flearing and making of mouthes: he laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, out-skips mens heads, trips up his companions heeles, burns sack with a candle, and hath all the feats of a lord of misrule in the countrie: feed him in his humor, you shall have his heart, in meere kindness he will hug you in his armes, kisse you on the cheeke, and rapping out an horrible oth, crie God's soule zum, I love you, you know my poore heart, come to my chamber for a pipe of tabacco, there lives not a man in this world that I more honor. In these ceremonies you shall know his courting, and it is a speciall mark of him at the table, he sits and makes faces: keep not this fellow company, for in *jugling* with him, your wardropes shall be wasted, your credits crackt, your crownes consumed, and time (the most precious riches of the world) utterly lost."

The costume of the Fool was generally a coat or doublet, with tight hose, and a cap or hood surmounted with a cockscomb and having ass's ears. The dress was generally more or less party-colored. Sometimes the right side was of one color and the left of another; sometimes the person of the Fool was quartered in colors; and sometimes he was a thing "of shreds and patches" — whence his name 'patch.' Yellow was a favorite color for Fools' dresses. The Fool carried sometimes a wooden dagger; but generally a bawble, which was a short wand with a Fool's or puppet's head carved upon one end; at the other often hung a bladder, with which he was allowed to beat almost whom he pleased. But he himself, if he presumed too far, was often beaten with something more substantial.

p 86. "—— of the *intergatories*": — a form of 'interrogatories' in common use of old.

/ "—— *he* was a botcher's prentice": — The original has "'a was," which the editors have hitherto retained, although they give 'he' in the next line. See Note on "if he could get her good will." *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 1.

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p. 86. "—— his brains are forfeit to *the next tile*" :—Mr. Douce pointed out in Whitney's *Emblems*, a book quite surely known to Shakespeare, a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of Fate; when a tile, suddenly falling, killed her instantly.

"*Dian, the Count's a fool*," &c.:—There seems to be something lost here. This brief commencement of the "advertisement" would hardly be made in prose; and otherwise the line is incomplete, and has no corresponding verse in the continuation as it is read by the Soldier.

p. 87. "*Men are to* mell *with*" :—The almost obvious meaning of 'mell' (=meddle,) in this passage, more clearly appears in the following lines quoted by Steevens from the Mystery of the Woman taken in Adultery :—

"A fayre yonge qwene here by doth dwelle,
Both ffreshce and gay upon to loke,
And a talle man with her dothe melle,
The wey into hyr chawmere ryght evyn he toke."

Theobald plausibly, but needlessly, read "boys are *but* to kiss," and has been very generally followed.

p. 87. "—— by *our* General's looks" :—The original has "*your* General's," which is clearly wrong. It is possibly the result of a mistaking of y^e^ for y^r^; but the 1 *Soldier* has previously spoken of "our General" in this Scene.

p. 88. "—— this Captain *Dumain*" :—We learn below that the other *Lord* was the brother of this one—a noteworthy circumstance, as there is no hint of this in the old tale. See the *Introduction*.

" "—— a place there called *Mile-end*" :—The place referred to was Mile-end Green, near London—a well-known rendezvous and parade-ground for the train-bands.

" "—— for a *quart d'ecu*" :—The *quart d'ecu* was the quarter of the small French crown.

" "—— and, *Parolles*, live" :—'*Parolles*' is here a trisyllable.

Scene IV.

p. 91. "His Grace is at *Marseilles*" :—Here, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, 'Marseilles' is a trisyllable. See Notes on Act II. Sc. 1 of that play.

" "Nor *you*, Mistress" :—The original has "*your*."

"When *saucy* trusting," &c.:—'Saucy' (from 'sauce') is here strangely used in a metaphorical sense, based upor

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its radical signification, and means highly-seasoned, voluptuous.

p. 91. "Yet, I *pay* you," &c.: — that is, 'Yet, [in my present circumstances,] I pay you but with the word, [or, as we say, "with words;"] but time will bring on a season when that which produces you now only trouble will produce you profit and pleasure.' The original has "*pray* you" — an easy misprint, not hitherto corrected. Henley proposed to read, —

"Yet I pray you
But with the word, the time," &c.

Blackstone proposed, "Yet I *fray* you," and Mr. Singer adopts the "elegant correction"! Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "But with the *world*."

p. 92. "—— and time *invites* us:" — The original has "*revives* us." It is difficult to discover what Warburton gained by reading "time *revies* us," more than the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 by reading "time *reviles* us"! Johnson asked, "Why may we not read time invites us?" and had he remembered the speech of *Polonius* to *Laertes*, under similar circumstances, "The time invites you; go; your servants tend," (*Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 3,) he could have had no doubt upon the point. The misprint might very easily have occurred.

" "—— the *fine's* the crown": — 'Fine' here means 'end' — the phrase being a translation of *Finis coronat opus*.

SCENE V.

p. 92. "—— whose *villainous saffron*," &c.: — "Here," says Warburton, "the general custom of that time of colouring *paste* with saffron is alluded to. So in the *Winter's Tale*: 'I must have saffron to colour the warden pies.'"

" "They are not [*sallet*] herbs": — 'Sallet' is not found in the original, but was added by Rowe. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*pot*-herbs," which supplies but poorly the obvious need so well provided for by Rowe. He also corrected "*grace*," of the original, to 'grass' in the next speech.

p. 93. "——'a has an English *name*": — The original has "*maine*," which Henley would have retained as an allusion to the hirsute honors of the Satan of the ancient religious stage, which procured him the name 'Old Hairy,' that has been corrupted to 'Old Harry.'

" "—— to *suggest* thee from thy master": — i. e., to

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tempt thee. See "tender youth is soon suggested." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

p. 94. "—— and an *unhappy*": — i. e., luckless, mischievous.

" "—— he has no *place*": — The original misprints "*pace*." Tyrwhitt suggested the correction.

p. 95. "—— your *carbonado'd* face": — 'Carbonadoed' means, in the words of Steevens, "scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 96. "*Enter a Gentle* Astringer": — An astringer was a falconer — the name being derived from 'austringer,' a kind of hawk. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*Enter a Gentleman, a stranger.*" But the person who entered was very evidently not a stranger; for *Helena* shows by her speech that she knew him, though not well. Juliana Berners, in the *Book of St. Albans*, 1496, has this passage: "Now by cause I speke of Ostregeres, Ye shall understonde that they ben called Ostregeres that kepe goshawkes or tercelles. And those that kepe spare hawks and muskettys: ben called Speruyteres. And kepers of all other hawkys aren callyd fawkeners." sig. b iii. The tercel was the aristocrat among hawks. *Juliet* calls *Romeo* her "tercel gentle."

Scene II.

p. 97. "Good Monsieur *Lavatch*": — This appears to be a hopeless corruption of some French word.

" "—— muddied in Fortune's *mood*": — Here is a pun, or rather a quibble between 'mud' and 'mood,' which were, of old, pronounced alike. Warburton read "muddied in Fortune's *moat*;" the moat having been anciently used as a sewer.

p. 98. "—— thrive long under [*her*]": — The original omits 'her,' which was supplied in the second folio.

" "You beg *more than a word*, then": — a pun on the poltroon's name, the French for 'words.'

Scene III.

p. 99. "done i' th' *blade* of youth": — It cannot be necessary to inform any reader of Shakespeare that the blade of youth is the spring-time of youth; and no comment on

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the passage would be required, had not the reading suggested by Theobald, "the *blaze* of youth," been generally adopted. But had the *Countess's* speech closed with 'youth,' there would have been no thought of change; and nothing is more common with Shakespeare than the expression of one thought by two metaphors.

p. 100. "—— a day *of season*": — "That is," says Henley, "of uninterrupted rain. . . . The word is still used in the same sense in Virginia." But the *King* says nothing of rain; he speaks of sunshine and hail at once as a combination which is not of season, i. e., unseasonable.

p. 101. "Our *own* love": — Monck Mason, with some plausibility, proposed to read "our *old* love."

" "—— O Nature, *cesse*": — an old form of 'cease.'

p. 102. 'The *last that ere* I took her leave," &c.: — that is, "the last time ere I took leave of her.' Rowe read "ere she took her leave," and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads, "The last *time* ere *she* took her leave at Court."

" "I stood *ingag'd*": — i. e., pledged to the lady by receiving her gage. This idea is better conveyed by the original orthography, which is here retained, than by reading 'engaged,' with most modern editors. Malone, considering 'in' as negative, supposed "ingag'd" to mean, unengaged, free.

" "—— the *tinct* and multiplying medicine": — Here 'tinct' is used for 'tincture;' and the allusion is to the transmuting fluid sought by alchemists.

p. 103. "My fore-past proofs," &c.: — This passage is one of many in this play which seem obscure, but which a little close attention will soon make clear. In both 'vanity' and 'vain' the idea of futility is conveyed.

" "*Enter the* Astringer": — The folio has "Enter a Gentleman;" but what he says shows that he is the Gentle Astringer of the first Scene of this Act.

p. 104. "—— and *towl* [him]": — that is, whip him up and down the fair. Towling, as whipping horses up and down a fair was called, was a common amusement of mischievous boys. See Halliwell's *Dic. of Arch. and Provin. Words*. It has been, hitherto, most strangely taken for granted that "*toule*," as the word is printed in the original and the succeeding folios, is a misprint for 'toll;' and upon that assumption a world of comment and conjectural emendation, which it is not necessary to notice, has been based, - - vainly, of course. The disgust of the

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whimsical old courtier characteristically extends itself to sons-in-law in general; and he proposes to buy one at a fair, and subject him to the discipline of a fair, which he feels inclined to administer to *Bertram*, whom he can only cast off. The first folio omits 'him,' which is supplied in the second.

p. 104. "—— *for* wives are monsters," &c.: — The original has "*fir* wives," &c., an easy misprint. Tyrwhitt proposed 'since,' and was generally followed, until Mr. Collier found 'for' in Lord Ellesmere's corrected folio.

p. 105. "Come hither, *Count*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has 'count*y*,' which perfects the line, and which, it is not improbable, was Shakespeare's word. See Note on "a goodly count-confect." *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

p. 106. "—— a common *gamester*": — The sense of 'gamester' here (a common one, of old) appears more clearly in the question addressed by *Lysimachus* to *Mariana* in the Bawd's house. *Pericles*, Act IV. Sc. 6.: —

"Were you a gamester at five or at seven?"

" "—— and 'tis *it*": — The original has here, and elsewhere, "*hit*," which has hitherto been improperly mistaken for a misprint either for 'his' or 'it.' But it is a remnant of pure Anglo Saxon, in which the neuter personal pronoun was *hit*, the masculine being *he*, and the feminine *heo*. *Hit* lingered long in our language, and, as an old form, has even some claim to be retained in the text.

" "Methought you said": — "The poet has here forgot himself," remarks cross-examining Blackstone, "Diana has said no such thing."

" "Her *infinite cunning*": — The original has the manifest corruption "Her *infuite comming*." This very happy and ingenious emendation was suggested by Mr. William Sidney Walker, and was several years after found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. "Modern" here means youthful — a sense akin to that which it now bears.

p. 108. "—— but thou art too *fine*": — i. e., too subtle, too artful. Mr. Collier chops this speech into limping verse: it is prose in the original.

p. 110. "Is there no *exorcist*": — Shakespeare and his contemporaries frequently use this word to mean one who raises spirits instead of one who lays them.

" "*And* are *by me*": — The original has "And *is*," which Rowe corrected.

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p. 111. "The King's a beggar": — The rhythm and the style of this epilogue afford some ground for doubt that it was written by Shakespeare.

> "All is well ended if this suit be won,
> That you express content,"

is not in the manner of Shakespeare, but rather in that of the author of the Epilogue to the Tempest. See Note on that Epilogue, and on the speech of *Time*, as Chorus, *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV.

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TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

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Twelfth Night occupies twenty-one pages in the folio of 1623; viz., from p. 255 to p. 275, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, but has no list of Dramatis Personæ.

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TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

INTRODUCTION.

A SOLDIER of fortune, named Barnaby Rich, published in 1581 a collection of tales,* from one of which there can be little doubt that Shakespeare received the first suggestion of the plot of this play. The tale is the second in the collection, and is entitled *Of Apollonius and Silla.* The argument is in these words: "Apolonius Duke, havyng spent a yeres service in the warres against the Turke, returning homward with his companie by sea, was driven by force of weather to the Ile of Cypres, where he was well received by Pontus, governour of the same ile, with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so straungely in love, that after Apolonius was departed to Constantinople, Silla, with one man, followed, and commyng to Constantinople, she served Apolonius in the habite of a manne, and after many prety accidents falling out, she was knowne to Apolonius, who, in requitall of her love, maried her." This argument omits some very important persons and incidents of the story; — a noble widow, *Julina,* with whom *Apollonius* falls in love, and who herself loves *Silla,* who is made by her master his messenger to her rival; also a twin brother of *Silla, Silvio,* who supplies his sister's place in the affections of *Julina,* and with whom it is both logical and charitable to suppose the noble widow really fell in love; his masculine nature being represented, for the nonce, by its disguised feminine counterpart. But still the likeness

* "Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession: conteining very pleasaunt discourses fit for a peaceable tyme. Gathered together for the onely delight of the courteous Gentlewomen bothe of Englande and Irelande, For whose onely pleasure thei were collected together, And unto whom thei are directed and dedicated by Barnebe Riche, Gentleman. Imprinted at London by Robart Walley. 1581." Republished by the Shakespeare Society.

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between Shakespeare's play and Rich's story is of the most rudimentary character, and exists in an equal degree between the play and other antecedent narratives and dramas.

Rich himself was indebted for his tale either to the Italian of Bandello, or the French version of Bandello's novel published in the collection of Belleforest at Paris in 1572; Bandello's collection, of which this story is the thirty-sixth of the Second Part, having been published at Lucca in 1554. The rudiments of Bandello's story, however, may be found in one of the novels of his contemporary, Cinthio;* and two Italian plays of the same period, *Gl' Inganni* and *Gl' Ingannati*, the first of which was acted in 1547, are mainly built upon the same incidents. From whom the Italian novelists and dramatists received the story, we do not know; it probably has an actual occurrence for its germ. The versions of Bandello, Cinthio, the Italian dramatists, and Rich differ from each other, as Shakespeare's differs from each and all of them. The story of a woman serving her lover in the disguise of a page, and pleading his cause with her rival, who falls in love with her, seems to have been considered common property by the novelists and playwrights of the sixteenth century; and Shakespeare cannot be said to have dramatized in *Twelfth Night* any particular version of it. The same remark is true of the complication produced by twins, which first appeared in the *Mænechmi*. It is needless to say that the poetry of this play and its characterization are entirely Shakespeare's, even as to those scenes and personages the germs of which existed before he wrote; but it should be particularly remarked that the whole comic plot and personality, and the interweaving, or rather interfusion, of these with the serious story, so that they form one homogeneous structure, are also entirely his. *Curio, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, Sir Toby Belch, Maria*, and *Malvolio*, have no prototypes in play or story. Such being the relations of *Twelfth Night* to precedent works, the comparison of it with any other, for the purpose of pointing out likeness and unlikeness, would be quite superfluous. But one passage in Rich's version furnishes evidence that, although Shakespeare was, without a doubt, quite able to read the Italian or the French versions, he had read *Apollonius and Silla* before he wrote this comedy. It is that which relates that the servants of *Apollonius* and of *Julina*, "debatyng betweene them

* See Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, Vol. II. p. 464. Ed. 1816.

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of the likelihood of the mariage between the Duke and the ladie, one of the servantes of Julina saied that he never sawe his ladie and mistres use so good a countenaunce to the Duke hym self, as she had doen to Silvio, his manne;" a reminiscence of which plainly appears in *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek's* complaint to *Sir Toby*, "Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving man, than ever she bestow'd upon me."

The date of the production of this comedy is determinable with a near approach to certainty and precision. It was once thought, upon grounds too inadequate to merit specification, to have been one of Shakespeare's latest productions, if not the very last; but the hither limit of the period, during which it was produced, was fixed by the discovery of the following entry in a diary kept by John Manningham, a student of the Middle Temple in Shakespeare's time.*

"1601. Feb. 2. At our feast wee had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus; but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*.† A good practise in it to make the Steward beleeve his lady widdowe‡ was in love with him, by counterfayting a lettre as from his lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad," &c.

Meres does not include *Twelfth Night* in his citation of Shakespeare's best comedies; and this negative evidence would be quite decisive that it had not been produced when he wrote, even had it not the positive support of the fact that the new map in Linschoten's *Voyages into the Easte and West Indies*, to which *Malvolio's* smiling face is likened by *Maria*, (Act III. Sc. 2,) was not published until 1598. As one of Shakespeare's plays would hardly be performed at the Inns of Court before it

* Mr. Hunter and Mr. Collier appear to have had the good luck of discovering this interesting memorandum at about the same time, among the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum; but the determination of its authorship is due to the patience and ingenuity of the former gentleman.

† Of the *Inganni* and the *Ingannati*, it is more like the *Ingannati*; but the latter, as well as the former, was known in England when Manningham wrote; and the difference between the two names in such a diary is not worth consideration.

‡ As Mr. Collier suggests, Manningham probably mistook the occasion of the mourning that *Olivia* wore for her brother; but it is possible that when the play was first produced she was represented as a widow.

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had become a favorite at the Globe Theatre, and the company there had derived all the benefit which justly belonged to them from its novelty, and as he would not refer to a map before it had become well known to, at least, a considerable part of his audience, there need be no hesitation in assigning the production of *Twelfth Night* either to 1599 or 1600. This enables us to determine with all needful, if, indeed, not all desirable, particularity the place which *Twelfth Night* holds in the order of Shakspeare's productions, and the relations which it bears to his other plays and to the development of his faculties. For *Twelfth Night* is homogeneous in structure and in style; and the question as to the date when it was written is entirely free from those interesting complications which exist with regard to the production and revision of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and others of Shakespeare's dramas. It is, perhaps, safe to consider the play as written at the close of the year 1599.

The text exists in great purity in the folio of 1623, where it was first printed; no intention even to issue an earlier edition being indicated on the Books of the Stationers' Company. As the corruptions of the text in the folio are purely typographical, and with two or three exceptions easily corrected, the non-existence of a surreptitious quarto copy, in which there would inevitably have appeared various readings, is matter of sincere congratulation to all those, whether they hold the pen of an editor and commentator or not, who take comfort in Shakespeare, and love to enjoy him in peace and quietness.

The period of the action of this comedy is absolutely indefinable, as it ought to be. Who would thank the man that took *Olivia* the peerless, the gentle *Viola*, the love-sick *Duke*, and that dear simpleton, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*, out of the realms of pure imagination, numbered them, dated them, and filed them away, as per chronological table and geographical dictionary! The costume is, of course, entirely arbitrary: it may be any Italian dress of a period precedent to the acting of the play. But *Sir Toby* and *Sir Andrew* are as English as their names, although the other characters are Italian. Those who are confused or troubled by this discrepancy may find comfort and repose in the elaborate and ingenious disentanglement effected by Mr. Knight for the benefit of such as are not of kin to Alexander. Mr. Knight suggests that *Orsino* should be regard-

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ed as a Venetian governor of a part of Illyria, which remained under the dominion of the republic at the beginning of the seventeenth century; that the members of his household, as well as *Olivia* and the members of hers, except *Sir Toby* and *Sir Andrew*, are also Venetians; and that those worthy knights "are English residents; the former a maternal uncle to *Olivia* — her father, a Venetian Count, having married *Sir Toby's* sister!" A national Illyrian or Dalmatian costume is of course required for *Viola* and *Sebastian*, that the identity of its fashion and material may make the deception of *Olivia* the more probable.

The comedy derives its title from its embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth Night (twelfth after Christmas) sports and revels; a time devoted to festivity and merriment. That it has no more special meaning, is shown by its second title, *What You Will.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, *Brother to* Viola.
ANTONIO, *a Sea-Captain, Friend to* Sebastian.
A Sea-Captain, *Friend to* Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } *Gentlemen attending on the* Duke.
Sir TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to* Olivia.
Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *Steward to* Olivia.
FABIAN, Clown, } *Servants to* Olivia.

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *in love with the* Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's *Waiting-Woman.*

Lords, Priests, Officers, Sailors, Musicians, *and* Attendants.

SCENE: *A City in* Illyria; *and the Sea-Coast near it.*

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TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians *attending*.

DUKE.

IF music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again; — it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. — Enough! no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

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Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, — the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. — How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Valentine. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.
Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
Those sovereign thrones, are all suppli'd and fill'd, —
Her sweet perfections, — with one self king! —
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopi'd with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, *and* Sailors.

Viola. What country, friends, is this?

Captain. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: — What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam; and to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

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Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also di'd: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit;
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And though that Nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee, — and I'll pay thee bounteously, —
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.

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What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir Toby. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Maria. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

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Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! He plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of Nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all most natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria! He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish top. What, wench! *Castiliano-vulgo;* for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir Andrew. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost

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Sir To. You mistake, Knight; 'accost' is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, Mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free:' I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends; marry, now I let go your hand I am barren.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

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Sir To. *Purquoy*, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *purquoy?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the Arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' th' Count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? where-

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fore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damask-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue these favours toward you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

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Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?
Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here.
Duke. Stand you a while aloof. — Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not deni'd access; stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow,
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what then?
Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.
It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man. Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. — Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. — Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best

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To woo your lady; yet, [*aside,*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell we where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clown. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, 'I fear no colours.'

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let Summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy

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way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue; no more o' that: here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO.

Col. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and, I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit. — God bless thee, lady!

Olivia. Take the Fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry Fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry Fool drink, — then is the Fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, — if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: — the lady bade take away the Fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! — Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

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Clo. Dexteriously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good Fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in Hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in Heaven, Fool.

Clo. The more fool, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in Heaven.—Take away the Fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this Fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Malvolio. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary Fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets.

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There is no slander in an allow'd Fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of Fools!

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, Madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home, — what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here — A plague o' these pickle-herrings! — How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby, —

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

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Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the Devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, Fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the Fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. H' as been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, or be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod,

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or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty!—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house; for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

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Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. — Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind; I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: — to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity! [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

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Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in-grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

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Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud, even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.
Oli. You might do much. — What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes; yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

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Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
"Above my fortunes; yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." — I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: — Not too fast: — soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man. — How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —
What, ho, Malvolio! —

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The County's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force. Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

ANTONIO.

WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Sebastian. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours: therefore, I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the Heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:

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but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; — she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your-

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self. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, — that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much
That [sure] methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man. — If it be so, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly:
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love!
As I am woman, now, alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [*Exit.*

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Scene III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes; and '*diluculo surgere*,' — thou know'st, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say! — a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the Fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the Fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the Fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

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Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock, my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a —

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love song, a love song!

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Song.

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming,*
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in con-

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tagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a 'catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* Knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, Fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally! lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* [Singing.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [Sings.] *O, the twelfth day of December,*—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

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Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing alli'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. *His eyes do shew his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?*

Clo. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o' time, sir? Ye lie. — Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.

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Sir To. Thou'rt i' th' right. — Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. — A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him [to] the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, Knight: I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What! for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't; but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd,

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as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight. — Thou hadst need send for more money.

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Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou hast her not i' th' end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music. — Now, good morrow, friends. —
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, That should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a Fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* Curio. — *Music.*
Come hither, boy. — If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,

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Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. — How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.
Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?
Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is 't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by Heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter CURIO *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,

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Do use to chant it; it is silly, sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee sing. [*Music.*

Song.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strewn;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it

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that always makes a good voyage of nothing. — Farewell. [*Exit* Clown.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and* Attendants.

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That Nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —
No motion of the liver, but the palate, —
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know, —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

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As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But di'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; — and yet I know not. —
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fabian. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought

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me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: — shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. — How now, my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue: —

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio; —

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

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Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. — calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping: —

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. — and then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, — telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, — to ask for my kinsman Toby. —

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now!

Mal. — Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me: —

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cords, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control: —

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,' —

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Sir To. What, what?

Mal. '—you must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight:'—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. '—one Sir Andrew.'—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. [Reads.] "*To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes:*" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure, her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads.] "*Jove knows, I love:*
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know."

"*No man must know.*"—What follows?—the number's alter'd!—"*No man must know.*"—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

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Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. "*I may command, where I adore:*
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "*M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*" — Nay, but first, — let me see, — let me see, — let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stanniel checks at it!

Mal. "*I may command where I adore.*" Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this, — And the end, — What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly! — *M, O, A, I.* —

Sir To. O, ay! make up that: — he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M,* — Malvolio; — *M,* — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M,* — But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

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Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I:* — This simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose: —

"*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

The Fortunate Unhappy."

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I

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thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised! — Here is yet a postscript:

"*Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*"

Jove, I thank thee. — I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device, —

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. — and ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings — and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd — a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so un-

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suitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a Tabor.*

VIOLA.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the King lives by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. — To see this age! — A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

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Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no Fool, sir, till she be married; and Fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the Fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

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Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element, but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly shewn, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

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Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! "Rain odours"! well!

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:" — I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt* SIR TO., SIR AND., *and* MAR. Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf: —

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady, —

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Oli. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.—
There lies your way, due West.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

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Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murth'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: Love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the Spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause: —
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter; —
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

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Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's servingman than ever she bestow'd upon me; I saw 't i' th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see [thee] the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself there

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is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand: be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the license of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*. Go.

[*Exit* Sir ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means, stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

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Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me: yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' th' church. — I have dogg'd him like his murtherer: he does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A Street.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which, to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,

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The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks: and very oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes,
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the South suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

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Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To th' Elephant. —

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud. —
Where is Malvolio? — he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes; —
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, Madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. — I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady ho, ho! [*Smiles fantastically.*

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Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: "*Please one, and please all.*"

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. — It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "*Be not afraid of greatness:*" — 'twas well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "*Some are born great,*" —

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "*Some achieve greatness,*" —

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "*And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "*Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;*" —

Oli. My yellow stockings!

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Mal. "*And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.*"

Oli. Cross-garter'd!

Mal. "*Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;*" —

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "*If not, let me see thee a servant still.*"

Oli. Why, this is very Midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "*Cast thy humble slough,*" says she; — "*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, — let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, — put thyself into the trick of singularity;*" — and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance, — what can be said?

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— nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter MARIA, *with* Sir TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. — How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off: I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man? defy the Devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

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Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man; it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark-room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

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Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "*Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*"

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "*Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for 't.*"

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "*Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*"

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense — less.

Sir To. "*I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,*" —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "— *thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*"

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. "*Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,*

Andrew Ague-cheek." —

— If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest,

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swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clod-pole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt* Sir TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on 't;
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

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And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to Hell. [*Exit*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation; for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob is his word; give 't, or take 't.

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Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit* Sir TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that would rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*

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Enter Sir TOBY, *with* Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good shew on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to* FAB.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! [*Aside.*] A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy;

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the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword. — If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold: here come the officers.

Sir To. [*To* ANTONIO.] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. [*To* Sir ANDREW.] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; — and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Officer.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. — This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

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What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: it grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O Heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, —
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

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Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the Devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* ANT.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Street before OLIVIA's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

CLOWN.

WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. — Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a Fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubberly word will prove a cockney. — I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand: — these wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, *and* FABIAN

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

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Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad?

[*Beating* Sir ANDREW *with his sword.*

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria; though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario! —
Rudesby, begone! — I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt* Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, *and* FABIAN

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

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This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee. 'Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee put on this gown, and this beard: make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit

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of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is, is:" so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say, — Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, Master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the Devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As Hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as Hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more

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mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, —

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightest have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt* Sir TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clo. "*Hey Robin, Jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does." [Singing.

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. "*My lady is unkind, perdy.*"

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. "*Alas, why is she so?*"

Mal. Fool, I say; —

Clo. "*She loves another*" — Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well

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at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good Fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd. I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. — Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. Sir Topas, —

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. — Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas. — Marry, amen. — I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, Fool, Fool, I say, —

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good Fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

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Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,*
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah ha! to the Devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman Devil.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun,
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

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So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does. There's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
While you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. — What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good Father: — and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Street before OLIVIA's House.

Enter Clown *and* FABIAN.

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

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Clo. By my troth, sir, no: though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put 'your Grace' in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind: One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

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That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him. — What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me.
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy, there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint;
All his in dedication: for his sake
Did I expose myself, (pure for his love,)
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deni'd me mine own purse,

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Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the Countess: now Heaven walks on Earth. —
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? —
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia, —

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? — Good my lord, —

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

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Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly? — But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief;
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Duke. Come away. [*To* VIOLA.

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband, can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

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Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st. — O, welcome, Father!

Enter Attendant *and* Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest, —

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broken.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

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Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody cockscomb too: for the love of God, your help; I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very Devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is! — You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody cockscomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody cockscomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting: you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's th' end on't. — Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy measures paynim: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him. Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

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Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to. [*Exeunt* Clown, Sir TOBY, *and* Sir ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* VIOLA
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:

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If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed:
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say — Thrice welcome, drowned Viola.

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain's in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook:
[*To* OLIVIA.
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd.
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood. —
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack:

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Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
[*To* VIOLA.
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The Captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him. — Fetch Malvolio hither: —
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clown, *with a letter.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own,
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open 't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the Fool delivers the Madman: — "*By the Lord, Madam,*" —

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

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Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

Fab. [Reads.] "*By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

"*The madly used* MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This savors not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; [*to* VIOLA.] and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister? — You are she.

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Enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? No.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand;
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then:
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause

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Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one: — "By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad;" — But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd." And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the Captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. — Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come;
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

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Song.

Clo. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.

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NOTES ON TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 155. "—— like the sweet *sound*":—Thus the original. Rowe read "the sweet *wind*," and Pope "the sweet *south*," which latter reading has hitherto been followed by every editor except Mr. Knight. It is not easy to discover the supposed difficulty in the original text, in which the effect, that is, the sweet sound, is by a beautiful metonymy put for the cause — the wind. Mr. Knight remarks that the question between 'sound' and 'south' is, "which is the better word?" There is no such question admissible. If in the place of 'sound' there were some word without meaning, or even with a meaning incongruous with the tone of the passage, and 'sound' and 'south' were proposed as substitutes, then, indeed, there would be a question as to which is the better word. But 'sound' appears in the authentic text, and, to say the least, is comprehensible and appropriate, and is therefore not to be disturbed, except by those who hold that Shakespeare must have written that which they think best. But did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low, sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on, loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute? If they ever did, how could they make this change of 'sound' to 'south'? and if they never did, they are unable to entirely appreciate the passage, much less to improve it. Shakespeare never makes the south an odor-bringing wind. He speaks only of "the foggy south," "the contagion of the south," "the spungy south," "the dew-dropping south:" expressions, these, not at all descriptive of the wind that was sighing through the memory of the lovesick *Duke*.

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p. 156. "And my desires, like *fell and cruel hounds*": — The allusion is to Actæon, who, while returning from the chase, surprised Diana bathing, and being changed by her into a stag, was in that condition chased and brought down by his own hounds.

"—— the *flock* of all affections": — 'Flock' is used here merely as a collective noun.

"Her sweet *perfections*, — with one *self* king!" — This passage is, perhaps, somewhat obscured by the interjectional clause "her sweet perfections," which, however, must be taken as an allusion to the sovereign thrones above enumerated, or, in other words, to all *Olivia's* natural qualities. The liver, brain, and heart were thought to be, respectively, the seats of passion, intelligence, and sentiment. The second folio has "self-*same* king," which has been very generally adopted; but it is one of the modernizations of that edition. 'Self' was used in the sense afterward confined to 'self-same;' as, for instance, "In this self place where now we mean to stand." 3 *Henry VI.*, Act III. Sc. 1. "In my minde, you give diuerse names to one selfe thing." Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1586, fol. 37. 'Perfections' is here a word of four syllables. For its use in the sense which it has here, See 3 *Henry VI.*, Act III. Sc. 2:

> "Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
> Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
> All her perfections challenge sovereignty."

Scene II.

p. 157. "—— and *those* poor *number saved* with you": — Here 'number' is used as a plural; as if the phrase were 'those poor people.' Hitherto in modern editions 'sa-ved' has been printed *sav'd*, although the word is not contracted in the original. This destroys the natural rhythm, which throws the accent on 'with' instead of 'you,' and, by reducing the line to ten alternately unaccented and accented syllables, substitutes a formal verse for one much more in Shakespeare's free and masterly style.

" "A *noble* duke, in nature as in *name*": — an allusion to the great Italian family, the Orsini, with whose position Shakespeare might have been made acquainted by some of his travelled friends.

p. 158. "—— the *company* And *sight* of men": — The original has,

> "she hath abjur'd the *sight*
> And *company* of men."

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But as this gives us one line of eight syllables and the next of fourteen, and as it inverts the logical order of the thought, and produces an anti-climax, it may fairly be presumed that, as Hanmer suggested, 'sight' and 'company' became accidentally transposed.

p. 158. "And might not be *delivered*": — In previous modern editions this word has been contracted, 'deliver'd;' and thus the variety of a rhythm, often introduced by Shakespeare in the third foot, has been lost.

SCENE III.

p. 159. "—— let her except before excepted": — a whimsical use of a law phrase — meaning, 'those things being excepted which were before excepted,' which is one of the numberless evidences of Shakespeare's familiarity with the forms of that profession.

p. 160. "—— th' *viol-de-gamboys*": — The *viol da gamba*, which has been supplanted by the violoncello, was so called because it was, like the latter instrument, held between the legs — *gamba* being Italian for 'leg.' It was much in fashion among the complete men of Shakespeare's day. Sir *Piercie Shafton* longs for his, to the delectation of *Mary Avenel*.

"—— the *gust* he hath in quarrelling": — that is, 'the taste he hath for quarrelling' — *gusto* being Italian for 'taste.'

" "—— a coward, and a *coystril*": — Coystrils or coistrells were the followers of an army, its unwarlike attendants. Tollet says a coystril is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them.

" "—— like a *parish top*": — It was common to have a large whipping top for the amusement of the people of a parish at a period when much time was spent in healthful sport and none in reading foolish fiction, prurient police reports, and the wordy bickerings of party politics.

" "What, wench! *Castiliano-vulgo*": — Warburton conjectured that "we should read *volto*. In English, put on your Castilian countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks." The remainder of the speech, "*for* here comes Sir Andrew Ague-*face*," confirms the supposition that such is Sir *Toby's* meaning; but he was probably not up in his Italian, and the text need not be disturbed. Mr. Singer has pointed out a passage in Hall's *Satires* which confirms this interpretation: —

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"— He can kiss his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,
Or make a Spanish face, with fawning cheer," &c.

p. 160. "*Accost*, Sir Andrew, accost": — This word was not often used in Shakespeare's time, and Sir *Andrew* might with probability be represented as ignorant of its meaning.

p. 161. "An thou *let part* so": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "an thou let *her* part so," which is possibly the genuine text. But it was quite common in the dramatic literature of Shakespeare's time to leave a pronoun, about which there could be no doubt, to be understood.

" "—— It's *dry*, sir": — A dry hand was considered as an indication of a lack of manly vigor.

" "—— I'm a great *eater of beef*, and I believe that does *harm to my wit*": — This notion was entertained by some in Shakespeare's time, and had been broached before. "Galen affirmeth y^t^ biefe maketh grosse bloude and engendreth melancholie, especially if it be much eaten, and if such as doe eat it be of melancholy complexion." *The Haven of Health*, 4to. 1584, p. 114.

p. 162. "—— it will not *curl by* nature": — The original has "*cool my* nature." The obvious correction was left for Theobald to make.

" "—— the *Count* himself": — It will be observed that *Orsino* is called both Duke and Count. This is probably the result of mere indifference on the part of the poet, who only wished to represent this personage as of high rank. But possibly the play was revised after it was first written, and a change made in the title, which was inadvertently left incomplete.

p. 163. "—— like Mistress *Mall's* picture": — In Shakespeare's time it was the custom to hang curtains before pictures — an illustration of which is found in the last Scene of this very play, where *Olivia*, unveiling, says to *Viola*, "we will draw the curtain and show you the picture." Mistress Mall's (or Moll's) picture appears to be named merely as a type of female portraits, which were carefully preserved from dust — Mary being the commonest of all names for women. But the commentators find an allusion to a notorious thief and prostitute, contemporary with Shakespeare, whose name was Mary Frith, but who was known as Moll Cutpurse. She was at once a seeming hermaphrodite, a prostitute, a bawd, a fortune-teller, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, and a forger, and gloried in having been the first woman in Europe to smoke tobacco. On the books of the Stationers' Com-

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pany, August, 1610, is entered *A Booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what Purpose.* Written by John Day. Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine, called *The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cut-Purse; as it hath beene lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the Prince his Players*, 1611. (See Dyce's Edition of Middleton's Works, Vol. II. p. 423.) The frontispiece to it contains a full-length portrait of her in man's clothes, smoking tobacco. Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies*, a play published in 1618, also describes her. She was born in 1584, and died in 1659. Thus notorious, it is possible that she is referred to in the passage under consideration, though there appears to be no necessity for supposing this to be the case; and her portrait would hardly be painted in a style to require the protection of a curtain, or she be referred to as *Mistress* Mall.

p. 163. "—— go to church in a *galliard*," &c.: — A *galliard* was a lively dance, "lighter and more stirring than the pavan;" the *coranto* was also a lively dance for two persons "traversing and running like our country dance;" a *cinque-pace* (which Sir *Toby*, for the sake of an obvious pun, calls 'sink-apace') was a dance the steps of which were regulated by the number five. The following passage from the first prefatory letter to Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to Military Profession* distinguishes the style of two of the dances. "Our galliardes are so curious, that thei are not for my daunsyng for thei are so full of trickes and tournes, that he whiche hath no more but the plaine sinquepace is no better accoumpted of than a verie bongler." P. 4, Shakespeare Society's Reprint.

" "—— a *damask*-colour'd stock": — The original has "a *dam'd* colour'd stock." Pope read "*flame*-colour'd," and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*dun*-colour'd." Either color is appropriate; but not more so than 'damask,' (Mr. Knight's correction,) and the latter word conforms most nearly to the original text. Flame-color, however, seems to have been a common tint for outer garments of all sorts in Shakespeare's time, and long after. See the following among numerous instances in which such are mentioned: "*Frip.* Lent to Master Andrew Lucifer upon his flame-coloured doublet and blue taffeta hose," &c. Middleton's *Your Five Gallants*, (1607,) Act I. Sc. 1, p. 214, ed. Dyce. "*This.* You said as much to the flame-colour'd petticoat in New Spring Garden." Sedley's *Bellamira*, Act III. p. 28, 4to. 1687. The long stockings worn by our ancestors were called *stocks*.

" "*Taurus?* that's sides and heart": — As almanacs are

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still published in this country with a print of the signs of the zodiac arranged around a human anatomy, and with lines drawn from the former to those parts of the latter over which medical astrology assigns them control, it is unnecessary to explain farther Sir *Andrew's* allusion.

SCENE IV.

p. 164. "—— shrill *in* sound": — The original has "shrill *and* sound" — an error which has hitherto most strangely been left uncorrected, the editors putting a comma after 'shrill.' The *Duke* has no occasion to remark upon the soundness of *Viola's* voice; but rather the contrary. He tells her that the sound of her voice is shrill, like that of a maiden's.

SCENE V.

p. 165. "*Enter* . . . *Clown*": — This Clown is the allowed, domestic Fool, or, rather, Jester. He depends for favor not upon his affectation of simplicity, but upon his impertinence and his wit. His name, as we learn afterward, is *Feste;* and he would seem to have almost as good a right to it as *Touchstone* has to his. See the Note on "the Shrieve's Fool." *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

" "—— needs to *fear no colours*": — The origin of this phrase has not been discovered, and it appears to have been used with some latitude of meaning, according to the combination into which it entered. (See Note on "colourable colours." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 2.) It has been supposed, and perhaps with some plausibility, to have referred at first to martial ensigns; but the fear which it is used to express seems to be rather distrust than dread. *Maria's* assurance to the *Clown* that the saying was born in the wars, being given as it is, has the air of a quibble, and makes rather against this supposition. It is also indicative of some uncertainty as to the origin of the expression even in Shakespeare's time, when it had probably become a part of the common language, and was used without reference to its first signification. See Note on "since you set up your rest." *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 121.

" "—— your *gaskins* fall": — Gaskins were a sort of loose hose or breeches. A nether garment called 'gally-gaskins' is still worn by some Englishmen. *Maria* puns upon 'points,' using the word to mean the tags by which the upper and lower garments were tied together.

p. 166. "—— that's as much *as* to say," &c.: — The origina

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has, by an accidental transposition "that's as much *to say as* I were not motley," &c.

p. 167. "—— no better than the fools' *zanies*" : — Those who have happened to see an old New England Primer, with a cut of a Zany for the Z, need not be told that Douce was wrong in saying that the zany was the fool's bawble. A zany was a fool's fool, or a clown that followed a tumbler and vaulter. His representative is to be found in the modern circus.

p. 168. "—— Mercury endue thee with *leasing*" : — 'Leasing' is the old word for 'lying;' and as *Olivia* undertakes the defence of his calling, the *Clown* prays Mercury, the god of liars, to enable her to push her defence beyond the bounds of truth. 'Leasing' appears to have been used to convey the idea of falsehood without malice. It was measurably synonymous with 'gabbling,' which is apt to run into lying. "Gabbynge, or lesynge, *Mendacium, mendacialum.*" *Promptorium Parvulorum.*

" "—— for *here comes* one of thy kin," &c. : — The original has "for here *he* comes," &c., by a misprint which Rowe of course detected and corrected, but which has been since restored: why, it would be difficult to say; for the pronoun can here refer only to *Olivia's* son, who was in the condition of *David Copperfield's* sister. The error is due to an accidental repetition of part of the previous word.

" "A plague o' these *pickle-herrings!*" — Pickled herrings seem to have been a customary viand at a debauch. Harvey says of Robert Greene, the dramatist, that he sickened and died, "not of the plague or the p—, as a Gentleman saide, but of a surfett of pickle herringe and rennishe wine." *Fovre Letters*, 1592, p. 5, *apud* Rev. A. Dyce.

p. 169. "—— like *a sheriff's post*" : — Of old a sheriff had two ornamental posts before his door, upon which some commentators have supposed proclamations were set up; but they were probably mere marks of distinction, somewhat like the two gas lamps at the door of a New York mayor.

" "—— as a *squash* is before 'tis a peascod or a *codling*," &c. : — Gifford remarks, in a Note on Jonson's *Alchemist*, Act I. Sc. 1, that the word 'codling' is not "necessarily restricted to this or that — it means an *involucrum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate

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form." See the Note on Mistress *Squash*. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1.

p. 170. "—— *e'en* standing water": — The original has "*in* standing water;" but 'in' was the common form of the contracted 'e'en.'

p. 171. "—— I am to *hull* here": — 'To hull' seems not to have meant 'to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder,' as Steevens and all others after him have explained it; but to lay to, without coming to anchor. So in *Richard III*:

> "Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast
> Rideth a puissant navy, ...
> . . . . . .
> And there they hull, expecting but the aid
> Of Buckingham," &c. Act IV. Sc. 4.

This explanation of the word is confirmed by an instance of its use quoted by Steevens himself from *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

> "That all these mischiefs hull *with flagging sail*."

"Some mollification for *your giant*" is an allusion, it can hardly be necessary to say, to the custodians of enchanted ladies in fairy tales, and a sly hit at *Maria's* short figure.

" "—— as secret as *maidenhead*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "maiden*hood*;" but this is only one of the many modernizations of the text added in that particular copy to many others made throughout that edition. 'Maidenhead,' at first spelled *maidenhed*, is but an old form of 'maidenhood;' and it is but of late days that it has had another signification.

p. 172. "—— such a one I was *this present*": — that is, — the idea of the exhibition of her face as a picture being still preserved, as it is even in *Viola's* reply, — this that I show you represents me as I was but just now. Zachary Jackson plausibly proposed to read "such a one *as* I was this presents." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, most feebly and unwarrantably, "such a one I *am at* this present."

p. 172. "—— to '*praise* me": — that is, 'to *appraise* me' — *Olivia* having just furnished a schedule of her charms.

p. 173. "In *voices well divulged*": — that is, 'commonly well voiced, or spoken of.'

p. 174. "—— that same *peevish* messenger": — Of old, 'peevish' was used to mean, foolish, childish, and probably acquired its present meaning, fretful, because fools and children are apt to fret. The etymology of the word is uncertain.

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p. 174. "The *County's* man": — The original has "*Countes.*" See the Note on "a goodly Count-confect." *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 175. "—— that Sebastian of *Messaline*": — No such place as Messaline is known; and I have no doubt that both here and in the last Scene of the play, p. 233, the word is a corruption — it would be an easy one — of *Mytilene*, the name of the ancient Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea. This was first suggested by Hanmer; but no editor has made the change. The matter is of little consequence.

p. 176. "—— with such *estimable wonder*": — This passage at the first blush is obscure; but when we remember the sense in which Shakespeare uses "capable impressure," *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 5, "intenible sieve," *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I. Sc. 3, and "something that is deceivable," in this very play, Act IV. Sc. 3, we have no difficulty in understanding *Sebastian*, when, with manly modesty, he says of the *beauty* attributed to the sister who so much resembled him, "though I could not, with such estimable [esteeming] wonder, overfar believe *that*," and adds, "yet *thus* far I will boldly publish her; — she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair," &c. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 most pitifully has "I could not with *self-estimation wander so* far."

" "If you will not *murther me* for my love": — It was first suggested in Mr. Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare that there is an allusion here to the superstition, made use of by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate*, that the man saved by another from shipwreck would kill his benefactor.

Scene II.

p. 176. "*Enter* Viola," &c.: — The old stage direction is "*Enter Viola and Malvolio at several doors;*" that is, not by the same door — all entrances upon Shakespeare's stage being made by doors from the back of scenery.

p. 177. "*She took the ring*," &c.: — Some editors have printed this as a question, some as an exclamation; and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "She took *no* ring of me." But *Viola*, with the tact of her sex, has instantly probed *Olivia's* wound, and for the honor of her sex hides it from the Steward.

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p. 177. "That [*sure*] methought," &c. : — The original omits 'sure,' which is from the second folio. It is quite impossible that Shakespeare could have meant to omit a syllable here; and 'sure' suits the place in every respect.

" "Alas, *our* frailty is the cause" : — The original misprints "Alas, *O* frailty," which was corrected in the second folio. The original also misprints 'if' for 'of' in the next line.

' "How will this *fadge?*" — that is, 'how will this do?' The word is not yet entirely out of use.

Scene III.

p. 178. "—— and '*diluculo surgere*,' — thou know'st" : — *Saluberrimum est* completes the adage, which means 'to rise early is most healthy,' and which the knight quotes from Lyly's *Grammar*.

" "Does not our life consist of the *four elements?*" — The notion ridiculed in this question was seriously held by certain of the faculty in Shakespeare's day, and he avails himself of it for illustration in his 45th Sonnet. The original has "Does not our *lives* consist," and the passage has hitherto been given "*Do* not our *lives*," &c.; but that 'lives' is an error for 'life' is shown not only by the demonstrative 'it' in Sir *Andrew's* reply, but by the consideration that the four elements were supposed to constitute life, not individual lives.

" "—— the picture of *we three*" : — The allusion is to a picture of two asses or two fools, with the inscription "When shall we three meet again."

" "—— the Fool has an excellent *breast*" : — 'Breast' of old was used for 'voice' — the cause for the effect.

' "—— sixpence for thy *leman*" : — that is, thy mistress. The original has 'thy *lemon*,' which is a phonographic error, as appears by the following anecdote, quoted by Mr. Halliwell from a very rare tract: "One demanded of his friend what was the reason that when a man meets a light wench, the first word he speaks to her is, Gentlewoman, will you goe to the taverne? O, saies the other, a *leman* is never good without wine." *Jests to Make you Merie*, 1607, p. 4.

p. 179. "I did *impeticos* thy *gratillity*" : — Johnson solemnly proposed to correct poor *Feste*, and read "I did *impeticoat* thy *gratuity*," and the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 actually did so. The petticoat which received the knight's gratillity might have been either the leman's or

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Feste's own. Male Fools sometimes wore long gowns. See the following passage from Middleton's *Roaring Girl* — one of many: "What age is this! if the wife go in breeches, the man must wear long coats like a Fool." Act II. Sc. 2, Vol. II. p. 472, ed. Dyce.

p. 179. "—— if one knight give a —": — This speech is incomplete in both the first and second folios; and we have no authoritative means of supplying the deficiency. Mr. Singer proposed to read "if one knight give a-*nother should*," and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "if one knight give a *way sixpence, so will I give another. Go to: a song.*"

" "*O mistress mine*," &c.: — This song appears in Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599, and is, almost without a doubt, an old popular song introduced into the play according to the custom of Shakespeare's time. In the second line, Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads "O stay *for here* your true love's coming." It is pleasant to believe that the *Clown's* song in the next Scene, "*Come away, come away, Death*," could have been written by no other pen than Shakespeare's; but is it quite just always to take away from those that have not and give to him that hath?

p. 180. "My lady's a *Cataian*," &c.: — Sir *Toby* is getting gloriously obfusticated, and it is only necessary to remark that he jumbles together, most incongruously, the names and first lines of not very decent old songs, applying one of them — *Peg-a-Ramsay*, (for which, see Tom d'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*) — to the Steward. As to 'Cataian,' see Note on "such a Cataian." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 1. '*Tilly-vally*' is a disparaging exclamation which I remember having frequently heard in my boyhood; but as those who used it were unfamiliar with Shakespeare, it is possible that it was a reminiscence, though more probable that it had been handed down from father to son for two hundred years and more.

p. 181. "—— your *coziers'* catches": — 'Cozier' = a sewer, is a corruption of the French *coudre*, as 'tailor' = a cutter, is of *tailleur*.

" "*Sneck up*": — This expression of contempt occurs frequently in the old dramatists, and appears to have been the equivalent to our 'be hanged.'

" "Sir Toby, there *you* lie": — The original has "there *thou* lie" — a mistake caused by the common use of *y* for *th* in monosyllables.

" "Out o' *time*, sir"? — The original has "Out o' *tune*, sir?" But Theobald's correction to "Out o' *time*?" is manifestly demanded. *Malvolio* had said nothing about 'tune;' but he had asked, "Is there no respect of place,

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persons, nor *time*, in you?" Sir *Toby*, in his drunken confusion of ideas, replies, "We did *keep time*, sir, in our catches." After farther remonstrance on the part of the Steward, and a futile attempt on the part of the topers to continue the vocal amusement which he had interrupted, the intoxicated knight reverts, in the true revolving style of drunken thought, to the remark to which he first replied; and again, with comical earnestness, defends the party against the supposed or assumed attack upon their musical accuracy. The text, as it has hitherto been printed, destroys one fine exhibition of the poet's knowledge of the workings of the mind under all circumstances. Besides all this, the substitution of 'tune' for 'time' is the most frequent and natural error of the compositor when setting up musical 'matter.' See a Note on *Touchstone's* remark to the singing *Page*, in *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. 3.

p. 182. "—— rub *your chain with crumbs*":—A gold chain was the mark of a steward's office; and one method of cleaning it was to rub it with crumbs.

" "—— to challenge him [*to*] the field":—The original omits 'to' after 'him,' and strangely it has not hitherto been supplied. It appears in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— into a *nayword*":—Mr. Dyce quotes from Forby's *Vocabulary of East Anglia*: "*Nay-word* . . . A byeword; a laughing stock." In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II Sc. 2, and Act V. Sc. 2, it is used as synonymous with 'pass-word' or 'counter-sign.'

" "—— an *affection'd* ass":—We should now say 'an *affected* ass.'

p. 183. "Good night, *Penthesilea*":—Penthesilea was Queen of the Amazons. Her exploits and death are celebrated by Quintus Smyrnæus, a Greek poet of the fourth century. Selections from his poems, including that part relating to Penthesilea, have been translated by the Rev. Alexander Dyce with an elegance and force of language which the merit of the original hardly warranted, and which, unless the reader is much interested in English dramatic poetry, will cause him to regret that the translator left another field of literature for that. *Select Translations from the Greek of Quintus Smyrnæus*. By Alexander Dyce, A. B. fc. 8vo. Oxford. 1821.

p. 184. "—— call me *Cut*":—equivalent to 'call me a eunuch.'

SCENE IV.

" "That *old and antique* song," &c.:—This is not mere pleonasm: 'antique' carried, and, perhaps we may say,

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still carries, the idea of quaintness added to antiquity. "*Recollected terms*" has been hitherto explained as meaning, repeated musical phrases. But 'terms' does not, I think, mean musical phrases, nor is it a misprint for *tunes*, which explanation has also been suggested by the editors. The *Duke* speaks of a song, "an antique song." A song consists of both music and words; and this song, which was "old and plain," suited the lover's mood by reason of the simple sweetness of its air and the homely directness of its phrase, more than the "light airs" (gay, trivial music) to which the "recollected terms" (carefully culled expressions) in the songs of those "most brisk and giddy-paced times" were set. 'Recollected terms' is a phrase which might well be applied to the words of a song written under the influence of *Euphues and his England*; and such songs Shakespeare neither wrote himself nor appropriated from others.

p. 185. "A little, by your *favour*": — 'Favour,' here used in the modern sense of permission, allowance, is used two lines above in its now obsolete sense of countenance. This shows a trace of the passage of the word from one signification to the other. To countenance means still, to show favor, to give sanction.

" "An *elder* than herself": — It has been thought that this passage is an allusion to Shakespeare's own marital experience. But this is not the place for the consideration of such a question. See *Life*, Vol. I.

" "—— sooner lost and *won*": — The original has "lost and *worne*," which affords a sense, indeed, but one not suited to the context; and there could be no easier misprint than that of 'worne' for 'wonne.' The obvious change was suggested by Hanmer, and found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "And the *free* maids," &c.: — Johnson defined 'free' as meaning, in this and similar passages, "vacant, unengaged, easy in mind;" Henley suggested that it means "unreserved, uncontrolled by the restraints of female delicacy, forward, and such as sing *plain* songs," which gloss Steevens approves; but Mr. Singer, on the contrary, considers it to mean 'chaste'! and bases his definition on such instances of the use of the word as the following:

"A gracious innocent soul
More free than he is jealous."
Winter's Tale, Act II. Sc. 4.

"A daughter cleped Dowsabel, a maiden fair and free."
Drayton. 4th *Eclogue*.

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"I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great."
Ben Jonson. *Epigram on the Countess of Bedford.*

But is it not plain that in all these passages 'free' has the meaning of its counterpart 'frank' = of an open, kindly, generous nature? This noble disposition accompanies purity and simplicity. *Hermione*, in her innocence, was more frank and generous in her construction of others than *Leontes* was jealous in his.

p. 186. "—— in sad *cypress* let me be laid": — Coffins were made of cypress wood. In the next line the original has "*Fye* away, *fie* away, breath" — a misprint hardly worth notice.

p. 187. "*I* cannot so be answered": — The original has "*It* cannot," &c. The obvious misprint was left to be corrected by Hanmer. It was also corrected in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "That *suffer* surfeit": — So the original, which is generally printed "That *suffers* surfeit." But this destroys the fine construction. "Their love, that suffer surfeit, may be call'd appetite," &c.

p. 188. "She sat, *like Patience*," &c.: — Had there not been confusing comment on this passage, it would not be pardonable to point out, that the girl, as she sat smiling at grief, is likened to the figure of Patience on a monument, and not that she is likened to Patience smiling at Grief on a monument.

" "—— bide no *denay*": — i. e., denial.

Scene V.

" "—— the niggardly, rascally *sheep-biter*": — Unless this is Sir *Toby's* phrase for 'cur,' or 'mutton-eater,' — more probably the former, — I am at loss to explain it. No editor or commentator except Rann has remarked upon it; and he explains it, thief.

p. 189. "—— my *metal* of India": — i. e., my lass of gold. The original has "*mettle* of India," which Steevens and many others after him have taken as a misprint for *nettle* of India — supposing a punning reference to *Maria's* smartness, and to the smart caused by the *Urtica Marina* which abounds in the Eastern Seas.

p. 190. "—— the Lady of the *Strachy*": — It is not known who the Lady of the Strachy was, and it is of little consequence that we should know. The apprehension of the idea, that. —

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"It was a squier of low degre
Married the King's daughter of Hongarie,"

does not depend in the least upon such knowledge. Richard Payne Knight somewhat plausibly suggested that Στρατηγοι = generals or prætors, corrupted by the Italians into *stratici*, (pronounced *stratychy*,) and made a title of magistracy, is the origin of this word Strachy, and that the allusion is to some unknown Italian story in which the widow of one of these *stratici* marries a yeoman.

p. 190. "O, for a *stone-bow*" : — There were cross-bows for shooting stones as well as bolts.

" "—— the *humour* of state" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "the *honour* of state," which possibly is the author's word, as 'humour' might also possibly have been if 'honour' had been found in the authentic text.

" "—— Toby approaches; *court'sies*," &c. : — Any salutation or formal gesture of respect made by a person of either sex was called a 'courtesy.'

" "Though our silence be drawn from us with *cords*" : — The original has "with *cars*," for which, although 'cords' would seem the obvious correction, it has hitherto been proposed to read "with *carts*"! "with cables," "with *cart ropes*," and "*by th' ears*." See *Isaiah* v. 18 : "Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope."

p. 191. "—— these be her very *C*'s," &c. : — Steevens remarked, that in the direction of the letter which *Malvolio* reads there is neither a *c* nor a *p* to be found; to which Ritson replied, with more ingenuity and pedantry than plausibility, that according to the custom of Shakespeare's age the direction probably ran thus: "*T*o the the *U*nknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes, with *C*are *P*resent." There are evidently indecent allusions in the speech.

p. 192. "—— hang thee, *brock!*" — i. e., 'badger' — a term of contempt in Shakespeare's day.

" "—— the *stanniel*" : — A stanniel was a species of hawk. The original has "*stallion*," which was corrected by Hanmer.

" "—— to any *formal* capacity" : — i. e., sane capacity. See Note on "informal women." *Measure for Measure*, Act V. Sc. 1.

p. 193. "Some are *born* great" : — The original has "*become* great" — an almost obvious error which *Malvolio's* sub-

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sequent quotation of the letter enabled the earlier editors to correct. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has '*born.*'

p. 193. "Daylight and *champaign*": — Daylight and an open, level country.

p. 194. "—— to be *paid from the Sophy*": — "Alluding," says Steevens, "to Sir Robert Shirley, who was just returned in the character of an ambassador from the Sophy. He boasted of the great rewards he had received; and lived in London in the utmost splendour."

" "—— *tray-trip*": — a game at dice.

p. 195. "To the gates of *Tartar*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 carefully corrects Sir *Toby's* blunder, and reads "*Tartarus.*"

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 195. "Dost thou live by thy *tabor?*" — A pipe and tabor were commonly used by professional Clowns, especially upon the stage.

" "—— the King *lives* by a beggar": — The original has "the King *lies;*" but that this is a misprint, is shown conclusively by the context; the *Clown's* speech, "I do *live* by the church," requiring, of course, in *Viola's*, "So thou may'st say the King *lives;*" not "the King *lies.*" Yet this correction, which it would seem impossible for an editor to avoid, has not hitherto been made except in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "You *have said*, sir": — This obsolete form of affirmation is common in our Bible. A *cheveril* glove is a kid glove. The allusion in this speech and the next, and in a subsequent one of the *Clown's*, is to the affectation of verbal quibbling in Shakespeare's age; a fashion to which he conformed in a measure, but which he justly appreciated, as we see by other passages than this.

p. 196. "—— as *pilchards* are to herrings": — The pilchard is, I believe, unknown in this country. It is so like the herring, that, according to Lord Teignmouth, they can only be distinguished by the ability of the pilchard to furnish the fat in which it can be fried, which the herring lacks.

p. 197. "—— I might say, *element*": — 'Element' was in such common use by all who affected fine talking and writing in Shakespeare's day, that it became almost cant.

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p. 197. "—— like the *haggard*" :— The haggard was a hawk that would fly at any bird, game or not.

" "But wise men's folly *shewn*, quite *taints* their wit" :— This is Hanmer's reading: the original has "But wife-men's folly *falne*, quite *taint* their wit." The antithesis is plainly between the folly which the fool shows and that which the wise men show. The former is fit, i. e., becoming; but the latter, being unfit, i. e., unbecoming, quite taints their wit, i. e., intelligence. The mistaking of 'falne' for 'ſhewn' is easy enough. Tyrwhitt obscurely read "But *wise men*, folly-fallen, quite *taint* their wit;" and Heath, "But wisemen's folly, fallen, quite *taints* their wit," with the licentious explanation that "wisemen's folly, fallen," means 'wisemen's folly, *fallen into extravagance*'!

" "—— she is the *list* of my voyage" :— 'List' means bound, barrier, as in the lists of a tournament and the list of broadcloth.

' "*Taste* your legs" :— 'Taste,' the radical meaning of which is, to touch, was of old sometimes used for 'try.'

p. 199. "—— a *cyprus*, not a bosom" :— In the original, '*Cipresse*." Cyprus was a transparent fabric like lawn. See the Note on "cyprus black as e'er was crow," in the *Clown's* song. *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

" "No, not a *grize*" :— i. e., not a step: perhaps from the French *grez* = a paving stone.

Scene II.

p. 201. "Did she see [*thee*] the while" :— The origina. omits 'thee,' which was restored by Rowe. The omission was doubtless occasioned by the old irregular spelling of the pronoun, which was often the same as that of the article.

" "—— a *Brownist*" :— The Brownists were followers of Robert Brown, a seceder from the Church of England, who held for a time the most extravagant notions. He returned to the Church; but his sect existed for some years, and was the subject of much justifiable ridicule.

p. 202. "—— if thou *thou'st* him some thrice" :— Mr. Halliwell quotes the following anecdote in illustration of this passage: "A scholler that vaunted what especiall interest he had in a certaine faire Gentlewoman, went he and his friend) on a time to visit her: And she, in disdaine of him, still *thou'd* him at every word, and he as often titled her with Honour, Ladiship, and Majestie. whereat the Gentlewoman waxing testie and curst, asked him why

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he so exalted her in title above her calling. He answered: May it please you to mount but one poynt higher, and then will I fall one lower, so shall our musick well accord." Copley's *Wits, Fits, and Fancies.* 1614.

p. 202. "—— the *Bed of Ware*": — This vast dormitorial structure was ten feet and nine inches in length, by ten feet and nine inches in breadth, and may be regarded as the ideal, monumental English four poster. Its roof, sides, and cornice were decorated by a profusion of arabesque carving, and pedestals, pillars, and arches entered into the composition of the lower part of its posts. It was planned, erected, and consecrated to the god of Sleep in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was destroyed only within the present century. The names of its founder and its architect have not survived.

" "—— the *cubiculo*": — i. e., the chamber.

" "—— the youngest wren of *nine*": — The original has "of *mine*;" which Rowe changed to 'nine,' quite justifiably, it would seem. The wren lays many eggs, and the chicken last hatched was supposed to be the smallest. Warburton suggested that the boy for whom Shakespeare wrote the part of *Maria* was very small. It is worth noticing that 'renegado,' in the next speech, is spelled *renegatho* in the original.

p. 203. "—— the *new map*": — Steevens pointed out that this new map with the augmentation of the Indies was first published in a translation of Linschoten's *Voyages*, which appeared in 1598. It probably has more lines upon it within a given space than any other ever engraved. A facsimile of part of it is given in Mr. Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

Scene III.

p. 204. "And thanks: and *very* oft," &c.: — The original has "And thanks: and *ever* oft," &c. — leaving the line deficient in two syllables, and almost unintelligible in its latter part. Malone and Steevens read, "And thanks and ever *thanks: often* good turns;" Mr. Collier, "And thanks and ever: oft good turns," but he does not say what this means; Mr. Singer, by transposition, reads, "And *ever* thanks: *and oft* good turns." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "And thanks, *still thanks;* and *very* oft," &c. This gives us the best possible emendation of 'ever;' but if it were allowable to supply the two syllables, we should read, "And thanks, *and thanks;* and very oft," &c. Such a triplication is natural; and one repetition might very easily have been omitted by either author or compositor.

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p. 204. "But, were my *worth*" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 very plausibly reads "*wealth* ;" but as 'worth' was and is used for 'wealth,' the change is inadmissible.

" "—— 'gainst the *Count his* galleys" : — This old form of the possessive was in common use in Shakespeare's time, and cannot therefore be disturbed ; but it is quite probable, at least, that he wrote "the *County's* gallies."

Scene IV.

p. 206. "Please one, and please all" : — This sonnet is preserved on a black-letter broadside in the collection of Mr. Daniel, and was lately reprinted in the London *Illustrated News*.

" "Why, how dost thou, man ?" — This speech is assigned to *Malvolio* in the original, but restored to *Olivia* in the second folio.

p. 207. "—— Midsummer madness" : — Lunatics were supposed to be more flighty in Midsummer. Hence, doubtless, the title *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for that fanciful comedy.

" "—— but it is *Jove's* doing, and *Jove*," &c. : — In both cases the original prints '*Iove* ;' and I am by no means sure that we should not read '*Love*.' See the Note on "What is not holy," &c., *All's Well*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

" "—— nor after my degree, but *fellow*" : — i. e., companion.

p. 209. "—— my *bawcock*" : — It is supposed that this is a corruption of the French *beau cocq*. It occurs again in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2.

" "—— play at *cherry-pit*" : — This game was played by pitching cherry pits into a hole.

" "—— *foul collier*" : — Colliers, in Shakespeare's day, seem to have been the very refuse and scum of society.

p. 210. "—— and *to* exceeding good sense" : — Thus the original. Yet all modern editors hitherto have omitted "*to* ;" silently, but it is to be supposed, on account of some obscurity which it created for the first transgressor and for those of his successors who did more than to copy the text of their predecessors. If *Fabian* had said, "Very brief, and to exceeding good *purpose*," adding 'less' aside, there would have been no obscurity found, yet no more exists now than would have existed then.

p. 211. —— "by *the look*, like *cockatrices*" : — The cockatrice was supposed to have deadly venom in its glance.

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p. 211. "·—— too unchary *on 't*" :— Theobald read with some plausibility, "too unchary *out*."

" "—— thy *tuck*: be *yare*" :— The tuck was a long dagger. 'Yare' means nimble, alert.

p. 212. "He is *a* knight dubb'd with *unhack'd* rapier" :— The original omits the article, which strangely has not been hitherto restored except in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632; and it also reads "*unhatch'd* rapier," which, as the knight was dubbed on carpet consideration, and the rapier used for such a ceremony would doubtless have a hatched or engraved hilt, and be unhack'd by service, seems plainly a misprint for the word in the text. "Ile go to the halfe-crowne ordinary every meale; Ile have my ivory box of tobacco; Ile converse with none but counts and courtiers. Now good boy, good Sinior, a paire of massie silver spurs, to a *hatch* short sword," &c. Marston's *What You Will*, Act V. Sc. 1.

" "—— *hob nob* is his word" :— Steevens gave 'hap ne hap,' = let it happen or not, come what may, as the origin and radical signification of this phrase.

p. 214. "—— *for's oath* sake" :— Thus the original, with a contraction and an omission of the sign of the possessive case not uncommon of old; and yet all editors of the present day give, "for *his oath's* sake."

" "—— an *undertaker*" :— The word was applied in Shakespeare's time to any one who undertook the business of another.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 218. "—— this great *lubberly word* will prove a *cockney*" :— That is, 'I am afraid that this pretentious, affected word, 'vent,' will, at last, become domesticated in London.' The word 'vent,' in the sense of 'utter,' was coming into fashion in Shakespeare's day; and although it was regarded as an affectation, and is ridiculed in the present passage, he himself so uses it more than once. As to 'cockney,' see the following definitions: — "*Cockney*, applied only to one borne within the sound of Bow-bell, that is within the city of London. . . . A *Cockney* may be taken for a child tenderly and wantonly brought up." Minsheu's *Ductor in Linguas*, 1617. "*Mammothreptus*. A child sucking long, or a child wantonly brought up, a cockney." Littleton's *Lat.-Eng. Dictionary*, 1678. "*Cockney*,

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a Nickname commonly given to one born and bred in the City of London; also a fondling child, tenderly brought up and cocker'd." Phillips's *New World of Words*, 1670. The etymology of 'cockney' has not been determined; but it seems to me that both it and 'cocker' — of old spelled *coker* — are connected with 'cook' (but of course only indirectly with *coquere*) — of old spelled *coke*, — the essential idea in both being that of pampering the appetite and solicitously nourishing, and a cockney being originally one who is cockered or cooked for, and made a dainty, effeminate milksop. As the close connection between effeminacy and city breeding has been always recognised, this etymology would account for the signification which alone the word has now, and which, as we have seen, it had fully attained in Shakespeare's day. But whatever the origin of the word, it seems in this passage to be clearly used for 'Londoner' or 'native' as opposed to 'stranger.' The original has, "this great *lubber the* world," — a palpable corruption to all who cannot accept Johnson's extraordinary exegesis that the *Clown* fears that "foppery and affectation will overspread the world." But can there be a doubt that 'lubberly word' was mistaken for 'lubber ye world'? This correction was made by the present editor before he knew of the existence of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, where, however, only the first part of it, 'lubberly' for 'lubber y^e^' appears; and where, of course, the partial change rests upon an entirely different apprehension of the passage.

p. 218. "—— after *fourteen years' purchase*": — That is, after paying an excessive price for it; twelve years' purchase having been the usual price of land in Shakespeare's day.

p. 219. "—— though I *struck* him first": — The original has "I *stroke* him first," in which, perhaps, as that form of the verb was used, it ought to be followed.

Scene II.

p. 220. "I am not *tall* enough," &c.: — Farmer, because of a supposed reference to good housekeeping in the last clause of the *Clown's* reply, and a required antithesis to 'lean,' proposed, "I am not *fat* enough," and has been very generally followed. But the supposition is gratuitous, and the change inadmissible. The text has a clear and consistent meaning; and we may reasonably suppose the *Clown* to have been too small to assume the clerical office with dignity.

p. 221. "Fie, thou dishonest *Satan!*" — In this passage all modern editors hitherto have printed *Sathan*. But why

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preserve this orthography here and not elsewhere? The name was almost universally spelled *Sathan*, and pronounced *Satan*. As to this sound of *th*, see the *Introduction* to *Much Ado about Nothing* and these Notes *passim*.

p. 221. "—— and the *clear stories*": — The original has "cleere *stones*," an obvious typographical error for "cleere stories;" the clear story of a gothic building being that part lighted by windows in a wall which rises *clear* above the other parts of the structure: the correction was made by Blakeway, and appears also in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 222. "—— this sport *to* the upshot": — The folio omits "to;" an error of the press hardly worth mentioning.

" "*Hey Robin*," &c.: — This ballad, of which the *Clown* sings snatches, is to be found in *Percy's Reliques*.

p. 224. "*Adieu, goodman Devil*": — Dr. Johnson would have read "goodman *mean-evil*," as a translation of *Malvolio's* name, and Farmer, "goodman *drivil*," to avoid a repetition which is of a kind common enough in Shakespeare's time. This is evidently a part of an old popular song: the allusion is to the *Vice* of the old Moralities. See the *Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage*, Vol. I.

Scene III.

" "—— there I found this *credit*": — i. e., this belief; — the radical meaning of the word.

p. 225. "That is *deceivable*": — i. e., able to deceive, deceitful.

" "*While* you are willing": — i. e., until you are willing. The original has "while*s*," which most modern editors retain. But throughout the folio that corrupt orthography is common, and there seems no reason for retaining it in one instance and not in the others.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 226. "—— conclusions to be *as kisses*," &c.: — It can hardly be necessary to explain the *Clown's* allusion, —

"Since maids in modesty say 'No' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay.'"

In this speech we have direct evidence of Shakespeare's acquaintance with the rule of English grammar with re-

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gard to double negation, which he continually violates See the Note on "nor Nature never lends," (*Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 1,) for an instance, at once osculatory and grammatical, from Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* in which "your four negatives makes your two affirmatives."

p. 228. "—— but *distraction*" :— This line has its complement of ten syllables; 'distraction' furnishing four of them. See Note on "spruce affection." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2. This pronunciation of words ending in *ion* obtained till toward the beginning of the last century. See Sir Charles Sedley's *Mulberry Garden*, 1675.

"And I some meaner time might make thee *owne*
The injustice of thy mean aspersi-*on*."
Act IV. p. 58, ed. 1675.

" "—— in terms so bloody, and so *dear*" :— Johnson and Malone would have read "so *dire*;" but see the Note on "their own *dear* groans," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, and *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2, "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in Heaven!" 'Dear,' which, from meaning scarce, came to mean precious or highly rated, was applied superlatively in the latter sense as well to that which is pernicious as to that which is beneficial.

p. 230. "Like to the *Egyptian thief*" :— Theobald gave from Heliodorus' *Ethiopics* the following synopsis of the story here alluded to :—

"This *Ægyptian* Thief was *Thyamis*, who was a Native of *Memphis*, and at the Head of a Band of Robbers. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* falling into their Hands, *Thyamis* fell desperately in Love with the Lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger Body of Robbers coming down upon *Thyamis's* Party, He was in such Fears for his Mistress that he had her shut into a Cave with his Treasure. It was customary with those Barbarians, *when they despair'd of their own Safety, first to make away with Those whom they held dear*, and desired for Companions in the next Life. *Thyamis*, therefore, benetted round with his Enemies, raging with Love, Jealousy, and Anger, went to his Cave; and calling aloud in the *Ægyptian* Tongue, so soon as He heard himself answer'd towards the Cave's mouth by a *Grecian*, making to the Person by the Direction of her Voice, he caught her by the Hair with his left Hand, and (supposing her to be *Chariclea*) with his right Hand plung'd his Sword into her Breast."

A translation of Heliodorus had been published before this play was written.

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p. 231. "A contract *of* eternal bond of love": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*and* eternal bond of love," — a plausible change, yet made doubtless because the construction of the text seemed old-fashioned to the corrector, or to the actor from whose lips he was in the habit of hearing the passage.

p. 232. "—— and a *passy measures paynim*": — Thus the original, except the obvious typographical error of *panyn* for "paynim," which, when the word was often spelled *panym*, was the slightest that could possibly occur. 'Paynim' = pagan, heathen, barbarian, was of old a common term of reproach; and Sir *Toby*, who uses another of a similar kind, 'Cataian,' wishes to call *Malvolio* not only a paynim, but one passing measure = egregious, out of all bounds. Pope read "a *past* measure *paynim*," which expresses the knight's thought, but loses the whimsical conversion of his intended words, by his drunken tongue, into nonsensical gibberish. Sir John Hawkins explained 'passy measures' as a corruption of *passamezzo*, a favorite air in the days of Queen Elizabeth; and Malone, resting upon this explanation, and following in part the text of the second folio, "*after* a passy measures *pavin* I hate," &c., read "and a passy-measures *pavin*," — the pavin or pavan (from *pavo* = peacock) being a grave and stately dance — with the explanation that "Sir *Toby* means only by this quaint expression, that the surgeon is a rogue, and *a grave and solemn coxcomb*." This reading and explanation have been hitherto accepted. But the intentional calling of a man by the name of two dances is not quaint; and although it is absurd, it is not so with that whimsical and humorous sort of absurdity which Shakespeare, or even an inferior writer, would seek in such a situation. It has no drollery or character, and is simply senseless; whereas a drunken stumbling away from sense into nonsense, which yet has some likeness to what would be sense if it were appropriate, is droll and characteristic of the vinous condition. It is yet possible that the reading of the second folio, which is not entirely unsuited to Sir *Toby's* lips on this occasion, may give the true text. It is not disturbed in Mr. Collier's copy.

p. 233. "A natural *perspective*": — 'Perspective' was applied to a glass, or any other aid to the sight.

p. 234. "I'll bring you to a *captain's*": — The original has "*captain;*" the correction, which is justified by "where" in the next line, was made in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 235. "A most *extracting* frenzy": — It occurred to Malone, as it must to every reader, that we might read "*distract-*

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ing frenzy," and that change was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632; but in Shakespeare's day 'extracting' was used in a sense similar to that of 'distracting.' The second folio reads "*exacting* frenzy."

p. 235. "—— *has* here writ," &c.: — So the original. Modern editors hitherto have read "*he* has here writ;" and the pronoun is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But it was common to omit 'he' as a nominative when it had occurred as such in an immediately precedent clause of the sentence. Numberless instances might be quoted.

" "How now, *art thou mad?*" — Notes incomprehensibly from the purpose, even in editions of the present day, justify the otherwise impertinent exegesis, that the *Clown*, — beginning to read *Malvolio's* letter, which commences, "By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it," — as he utters the first four words, is instantly reproved by *Olivia* for his supposed profanity in her presence. What is his reply? — "I do but *read* madness." So in *Ivanhoe*, when the Templar begins to read the summons sent to Torquilstone, "I Wamba, the son of Witless," &c., *Front de Bœuf* exclaims, "What! art thou mad?" See also the next two speeches. "You must allow *vox*," is the *Clown's* whimsical way of saying 'you must let me speak.'

p. 237. "—— *geck* and *gull*": — 'Geck' is still used in the North of England for 'fool.'

" "—— *thou* cam'st in smiling": — The original has "*then* cam'st," &c., from which no sense can be extracted. The obvious typographical error was strangely left for Zachary Jackson to point out, and has been hitherto retained. As he well remarks, the *ou* in manuscript might be easily mistaken for *en*. Indeed, in reading the best manuscript of Shakespeare's day, the closest examination can with difficulty distinguish one from the other. Then, the bow of *e*, usually very small, was turned to the left instead of the right.

p. 238. "—— Sir Toby's great *importance*": — i. e., importunity.

" "—— some have greatness *thrown* upon them": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*thrust* upon them;" but it is not necessary or natural that the *Clown*, quoting from memory what he has heard but once, should be letter perfect.

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p. 239. "Song." — It has been reasonably conjectured by previous editors that this whimsical Song was not written by Shakespeare, and was probably added to the play by the actor who played the *Clown*, or to please him. He was evidently a singing man. The same doubt has been cast upon other Songs in this play. In the fourth stanza Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads, "With toss-pots *I* had drunken head."

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

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The Winter's Tale occupies twenty-seven pages in the folio of 1623; viz., from p. 277 to p. 303, inclusive, in the division of Comedies, p. 276 being left blank. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes; and at the end a somewhat imperfect list of the Dramatis Personæ is given, headed "The Names of all the Actors."

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

ROBERT GREENE, a man of much learning and little worth, who had some skill in pen-craft, which he exercised as playwright, verse-maker, satirist, and novelist, furnished Shakespeare with the story of *The Winter's Tale*. This story was published in 1588, and perhaps before, under the title, *Pandosto: The Triumph of Time*.* It was very popular for a century; there having been at least fourteen editions of it published before 1695, in some of the later of which it is entitled, from the names of the characters corresponding to *Florizel* and *Perdita*, *The History of Dorastus and Fawnia*. Shakespeare changed the names not only of the lovers, but, with one exception, of all the characters in the tale. In Greene's work, the King of Sicilia is called *Egistus*; the King of Bohemia, *Pandosto*; *Hermione*, *Bellaria*; *Mamillus*, *Garinter*; *Camillo*, *Franion*; and the Old Shepherd, *Porrus*: *Mopsa* appears in both play and tale.

As to incident and the order of events, the great dramatist followed the obscure novelist so closely, that *The Winter's Tale*, as far as the last Scene of the third Act. is, in structure, only a dramatized version of *Pandosto*. Down to that point, then, comparison of the course of the novel and the play would be superfluous; but thenceforward it is interesting to mark their divergence. It should first be noticed, however, that Shakespeare, for some undiscoverable reason, transposed the scenes of

* "Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, wherein is discovered by a pleasant Historie, that, although by the meanes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time, in spight of fortune, it is most manifestly revealed: Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas*. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*. Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin, for Thomas Cadman, &c., 1588." Reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*.

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action and the functions of the principal characters. The tale opens in Bohemia, and *Pandosto*, the jealous monarch, is King of that country, of which, of course, *Bellaria* (*Hermione*) is Queen, and *Garinter* (*Mamillus*), Prince: *Fawnia* (*Perdita*) is found by the shepherd in Sicilia, of which island *Egistus* (*Polixenes*), the innocent cause of the jealousy which is the mainspring of the action, is King: all which, it will be seen, is reversed in the play. To the important characters in the tale, Shakespeare added *Antigonus*, *Paulina*, *Autolycus*, and the Old Shepherd's lout of a son.

When in the tale the newly born *Fawnia* is brought to *Pandosto* by one of the prison guards, (there being no counterpart to *Paulina*,) the infuriated King (there being again no counterpart to *Antigonus*) orders that without delay she shall "bee put in the boat having neither saile nor [rudder] to guide it, and so be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint." For this Shakespeare substitutes an exposure of *Perdita* on the desert sea shore; which change Mr. Collier, with, perhaps, some reason, attributes to a desire on the author's part to avoid a resemblance to the shipwreck of *Miranda*, and which he therefore reckons among the proofs that *The Winter's Tale* was written after *The Tempest*. There seems, however, to be this good reason for the substitution. Shakespeare knew — none better — that the dramatic value of an impression produced upon the eye is much greater than that of one produced upon the ear; and on his stage Greene's disposition of the royal babe could not be represented, while that adopted by him could. The latter, too, was more in accordance with the course of classic story, which Shakespeare well knew, and did not always disregard. After the exposure of the Princess, we have in the novel, as in the play, the trial of the Queen, the response of the Oracle, the death of the Prince, followed immediately by that of his mother, and the fruitless remorse and repentance of the King. But in the tale the Queen does not revive.

The babe, according to the tale, "beeing tossed with winde and wave, floated two whole daies without succour, readie at every puffe to be drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceased, and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the coast of Sicilia, where sticking upon the sandes it rested." There it is found by the old shepherd, who takes the Princess home and

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brings her up as his own child. At the age of sixteen she is encountered by Prince *Dorastus* as he returns from hawking, wins his heart and loses hers, and sets sail with him for Italy, fearing his father's displeasure should their marriage become known. Meantime *Porrus*, the old shepherd, who knows the rank of his adopted daughter's lover, is equally in dread of the King's anger; and taking the mantle, jewels, and treasure which he found with *Fawnia*, he sets out to acquaint *Egistus* of the whole affair. But he is encountered by the confidential servant of the Prince, who gets him, partly by stratagem and partly by force, on board the Prince's ship, which immediately sets sail. It does not reach Italy, but is wrecked on the coast of Bohemia. *Dorastus*, knowing the enmity between the two kings, assumes a false name, and gives out that he is an Italian knight of Trapolonia. But he is apprehended as a spy, and brought before *Pandosto*, who becomes enamoured of *Fawnia* and casts *Dorastus* into prison. *Egistus* hears the fate of his son, and immediately sets out for Bohemia, where on his arrival *Dorastus* is set free. But upon his threatening *Fawnia* and *Porrus* with fearful vengeance for their presumption in allying themselves with the blood royal, the latter tells the story which he had left home to tell; *Fawnia*, proving to be a princess, is married to *Dorastus*; and *Pandosto*, in remorse at having caused the death of his wife and his son, and at having vexed his own daughter with amorous solicitation, kills himself. Such is the rude structure and repulsive catastrophe of the narrative; for which Shakespeare substituted the pastoral charm and characteristic humor of the fourth Act of *The Winter's Tale*, and the bold design of the statue scene in the fifth, where serenity and joy descend to all from the pedestal of *Hermione*, as she returns, like Alcestis, from the grave.

The other variations between the incidents of the novel and those of the drama are too trivial to merit notice. But it is worthy of remark that Greene gives *Pandosto* more cause for his jealousy than Shakespeare gives to *Leontes*. For in the tale *Bellaria*, though entirely innocent, uses *Egistus* "so familiarly that her countenance bewraied how her mind was affected towardes him, oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed chamber to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him;" and also "there grew such a secret uniting of their affections that the one could not well be without the company of the other." It

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may possibly have been Shakespeare's intention to make its sudden birth and its extravagance characteristic traits of *Leontes'* jealousy; but this difference between the play and the novel seems rather due to a necessity for the compression of the latter. Shakespeare sought only to put a very popular story into a dramatic form; and of this he advertised his hearers by calling this play a Tale, just as before he had called a play similarly wanting in dramatic interest, a Dream.

The Winter's Tale is remarkable, even among Shakespeare's plays, for its defiance of all restraint of time or place. No other approaches it in its recklessness of these conditions; and it is remarkable that he produced at about the same time, probably in the same year, the two of his works most unlike in this respect, — *The Tempest*, and the play under consideration. For while in the former (partly, it is true, on account of the nature of its story) the unities are so strictly observed that it could be played with two scenes, and that the time of its supposed action is little longer than that of the performance, and no traces of carelessness or ignorance appear; in the latter the poet puts sixteen years between two Acts, and thousands of miles between two Scenes, brings inland countries to the sea, carries the Temple of Apollo from the continent to an island, makes the Queen of Sicilia, who is waiting to hear her doom from the Delphic Oracle, say that the Emperor of Russia is her father, puts into *Florizel's* mouth the story that he brought the fair *Perdita* from Libya, and, in the midst of all this, shows us a statue the work of Giulio Romano, and gives us a clown who talks of pound and odd shilling, and a Puritan singing psalms to hornpipes! For much of this chronological confusion Greene is answerable, and it concerns us here chiefly as evidence how constantly Shakespeare had the work of his predecessor in his mind while writing this play, if indeed he did not have it before his eye.

But although counterparts of nearly all the characters and most of the incidents of *The Winter's Tale* exist in *Pandosto*, and even verbal reminiscences of the latter are to be found in the former, it cannot be said that the play is in the least indebted to the tale for the place it holds in literature, or even for the mere interest of its story. Whatever the merits of Greene's work, — and it is a good tale of its sort and its time, though clumsily and pedantically told, — they are altogether different in kind (we will not consider the question of degree) from the

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merits of Shakespeare's. In characterization of personages the tale is notably coarse and common place, in thought arid and barren, and in language alternately meagre and inflated: whereas there are few more remarkable creations in all literature than *Hermione, Perdita, Autolycus, Paulina,* not to notice minor characters; and its teeming wealth of wisdom, and the daring and dainty beauty of its poetry, give the play a high place in the second rank of Shakespeare's works. Briefly, it is the old story over again: the dry stick that seems to bloom and blossom is but hidden by the leafy luxuriance and floral splendor of the plant that has been trained upon it.

The date of the production of this drama is determinable with a near approach to accuracy. That it was written before May 15th, 1611, we have evidence in the following entry under that date in the diary of Dr. Simon Forman, now among the MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum of Oxford, England.

"*In the Winter's Talle at the Glob,* 1611, *the* 15 *of Maye, Wednesday.*

"Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cup-berer to have poisoned [him] who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof and fled with him to Bohemia.

"Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the aunswer of Apollo that she was giltless, and that the king was jelouse, &c., and howe, except the child was found again that was loste, the kinge should die without yssue; for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia, his sonn married that wentch; and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed the letter of the nobleman, by whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewells found about her, she was knowen to be Leontes daughter, and was then 16. yers old.

"Remember also the rog that cam in all tottered like roll pixci, and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther with a pedlers packe, and ther cosened them again of all their money; and how he changed apparell with the Kinge of Bomia, his sonn, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse." *

* From a precise copy carefully made from the original by Mr. Halliwell.

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An entry in the Office Book of Sir George Buck, Master of the Revels, recording the performance of *The Winter's Tale* at Court on the 5th of November, 1611, has also been discovered by Mr. Peter Cunningham.* The farther limit of the period during which it was produced is indicated, though, perhaps, hardly established beyond question, by Malone's discovery that it was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert in 1623, without a fee and without examination, because it had been "formerly allowed of by Sir George Buck," and Mr. Hemminge (one of the player editors of the folio) gave his word that "there was nothing prophane added or reformed."† Now Sir George Buck, having obtained a reversionary grant of the Office of Master of the Revels in 1603, succeeded to it in the autumn of 1610; and *The Winter's Tale* was therefore produced between that time and the spring of 1611, when Dr. Forman saw it; unless, indeed, it was licensed by Sir George before he obtained his office. For Buck succeeded Edmund Tilney, who was his maternal uncle; and if we can rely upon Chalmers' quotations from the Stationers' Register, the nephew was allowed to share the official labors of the uncle, and licensed twenty-seven plays between May, 1606, and October, 1608.‡ But it should be remarked that these plays, among which *The Winter's Tale* is not named, were licensed for publication only; and although the censorship was sometimes vicariously exercised, it is very improbable that licenses for representation, by far the more important, were granted in any other name than that of the Master of the Revels himself. It may therefore be safely assumed that *The Winter's Tale* was produced under the official sanction of Sir George Buck, and probably in the early part of 1611. §

This play was first published in the folio of 1623, and is there printed with unusual care; the very punctuation, which throughout that volume is extremely irregular and careless, being in a great measure reliable. The corruptions of the text are therefore comparatively few, far fewer than we might reasonably expect from the style of the play, which is more open to the charge of obscurity than any other of Shakespeare's works. It abounds

* Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court. 1842. Shakespeare Society.

† Boswell's Malone, Vol. II. p. 463, and Vol. III. p. 229.

‡ Supplemental Apology for the Believers, &c., pp. 200, 201.

§ See note upon Apollo's Oracle, Act III. Sc. 2, as to another point of evidence.

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in elliptical passages in which the gap to be bridged is unprecedentedly great; parentheses within parentheses, even to the third and fourth degree, require sustained attention and a clear head to unravel their involutions; and thoughts incompletely stated, or only suggested, tantalize and bewilder the untrained or superficial reader. Under such circumstances, it is rather surprising that the text has come down to us in so pure a state; and the absolute incomprehensibility of one or two passages may safely be attributed to the attempt, on the part of the printers, to correct that which they thought corrupt in their copy, but which was only obscure.

There are indications in the folio that its publishers did not at first expect this play to appear in that volume. *Twelfth Night* ends upon page 275, and according to custom, which is observed in that volume, *The Winter's Tale* should begin on page 276; but that page is left entirely blank, and is unpaged; this play beginning upon the following recto, page 277.* The signature marks also, which change at this part of the volume, being peculiar to this play, show that it was not put in type in its regular order.† It is possible that in gathering the plays together, Heminge and Condell forgot this one until the folio was nearly in type; but it is more probable that, finding it no more tragical in its course or its catastrophe than *Cymbeline*, they at first intended to class it with the Tragedies, and after it was ready to be struck off restored it to its proper place among the Comedies. A similar uncertainty, shown in a similar manner, seems to have attended the introduction of *Troilus and Cressida* into the folio.

As to the period of the action and the costume of this Tale, they are as absolutely indeterminable as those of the Dream which it so much resembles in its entire disregard of the probabilities, not to say the unities, of time and place. Any attempt to reduce its material conditions into harmony with chronology, will succeed only in destroying in some measure the romantic and fantastic character which was stamped upon it by the time in which it was written, no less than by the man who wrote it.

* The reverse of the page upon which *The Winter's Tale* ends is also left blank; but as the next play begins a new division, Histories, with a new paging, no conclusion can be based on this fact.

† They begin A a; and this double lettering ceases with *The Winter's Tale;* the first page of *King John* being signature a, and the single lower case or small letter marking being continued regularly until the alphabet is exhausted.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, *Son to* Leontes.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,
} *Sicilian Lords.*
ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
POLIXENES, *King of* Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, *Son to* Polixenes.
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, *reputed Father of* Perdita.
Clown, *his Son.*
AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*
Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to* Leontes.
PERDITA, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
PAULINA, *Wife to* Antigonus.
EMILIA, *a Lady attending on the Queen.*
MOPSA,
DORCAS,
} *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants, Satyrs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE: *Sometimes in* Sicilia; *sometimes in* Bohemia.

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Sicilia. An Antechamber in LEONTES Palace.

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCHIDAMUS.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Camillo. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed, —

Cam. 'Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. — We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

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Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Polixenes Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burthen. Time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one 'we thank you' many thousands more
That go before it.

Leontes. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence. — That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
'This is put forth too truly!' — Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One sev'-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between 's, then: and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world,

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So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deni'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ti'd, our Queen? Speak you.

Hermione. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so, then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —
Yet of your royal presence [*to* POLIXENES] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' th' clock behind
What lady she her lord. — You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,

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Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? By your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, Madam;
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys,
You were pretty lordings, then.

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
And bleat the one at th' other. What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence: we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, 'Not guilty;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,

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Temptations have since then been born to 's: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I pr'ythee tell me. Cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things. One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal; —
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you. O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to th' purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

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And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."
Her. 'Tis Grace, indeed. —
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to th' purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other, for some while, a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.
Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me: — my heart dances;
But not for joy, — not joy. — This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking glass; — and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows. — Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mamillius. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose? —
They say it is a copy out of mine.
Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat. — Still virginalling
[*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,

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To be full like me: — yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,
That will say any thing. But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine: yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. — Come, Sir Page,
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet villain
Most dear'st! my collop! — Can thy dam? — may 't be? —
Affection, thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams; — (how can this be?)
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hard'ning of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How! my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest. —
How sometimes nature will betray it's folly,
It's tenderness, and make it self a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite it's master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

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How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. — Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be's dole! — My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' th' garden. Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside. Observing* POL. *and* HERM.] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one.
[*Exeunt* POL., HERM., *and* Attendants.

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Go, play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play. — There
have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there's none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From East, West, North, and South. Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. — How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, [they] say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort. —
What! Camillo, there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man. — [*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it? —

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They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding,
Sicilia is a' — so forth. 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. — How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the Queen's be 't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: — not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? Say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
Th' entreaties of your mistress? — satisfy? —
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart; as well
My chamber-counsels, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd. But we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't, — thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd. Or else thou must be counted

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A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By it's own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt — you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't, and justify 't.

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Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? — a note infallible
Of breaking honesty: horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good, my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her, like her medal, hanging

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About his neck, Bohemia: — Who — if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer, — whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, — might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, —

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' th' Prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? — Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and alli'd to yours.

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Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.
Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miserable lady! — But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. — To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the Court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? —
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

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Pol. What is the news i' th' Court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not, do not? Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle, — I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behoove my knowledge

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Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. — Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me: how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be e'en as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry 'lost,' and so good night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, — that you have touch'd his Queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,

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Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear this, though, over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath remove, or, counsel shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty, —
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, — away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' th' city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which, if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. — This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive

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He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! — Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your Highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Sicilia. The Palace.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me
'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if I were a baby still. — I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; — yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not

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Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught 'this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye:
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again. 'Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for Winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: — come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man, —
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard; — I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

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Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure! — in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! — How accurs'd
In being so bless'd! — There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts: — I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander: —
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: — that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employed by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. — How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well. —
Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

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Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him: — and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
Her. But I'd say, he had not;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
''Tis pity she's not honest honourable;'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands
That calumny doth use: — O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'ress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have said,

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She's an adult'ress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life!
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. — Away with her to prison:
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the Heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. — Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
The King's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the* Guards.

Her. Who is't that goes with me? — 'Beseech your Highness
My women may be with me: for, you see,

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My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out. This action I now go on
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord;
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust I shall. — My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your Highness, call the Queen again.

Antigonus. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer:
Yourself, your Queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I' th' eyes of Heaven, and to you; — I mean
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her, no farther trust her:
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 *Lord.* Good my lord, —

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't: would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd —

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I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, [*touching* ANTIGONUS,] and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which — if you (or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us — inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tri'd it,
Without more overture

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Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed,) doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfi'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA *and* Attendants.

Paulina. The keeper of the prison, — call to him;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison? — Now, good sir,

Enter Attendant, *with the* Gaoler.

You know me, do you not?
Gaoler. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Gao. I may not, Madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors! — Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gao. So please you, Madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt* Attendants.
Gao. And, Madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Gaoler.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

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Enter Gaoler *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emilia. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in 't: says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn: —
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' th' King! beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best: I'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. — Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew 't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer;

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Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deni'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!
I'll to the Queen. Please you, come something nearer.

Gao. Madam, if 't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great Nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Gao. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being; — part o' th' cause,

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She, th' adult'ress; for the harlot King
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me. Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who's there?

1 *Attendant.* My lord! [*Advancing.*

Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Attend.* He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. — Leave me solely: — go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attendant.] — Fie, fie! no thought of him;
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance. — Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a babe.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life! — a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

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1 *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come, with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your Highness.
Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,

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Than such as most seem yours, — I say, I come
From your good Queen.
Leon. Good Queen!
Paul. Good Queen, my lord, good Queen: I say, good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man — the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand. — The good Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the babe.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:
Thou dotard, [*to* ANTIGONUS,] thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy Dame Partlet here: — take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands if thou
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

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Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callet
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! — This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger: —
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

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Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, — take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! — What need these hands? —
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you. —
So, so. — Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. —
My child! away with 't: — even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;

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The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
1 & 2 *Lord.* We can, my royal liege;
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are liars all.
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your Highness give us better credit;
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech'
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows: —
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live. —
It shall not neither. [*To* ANT.] You, sir, come you hither;
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life, (for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,) what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much, —
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

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Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it, see'st thou; for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, —
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture, —
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit, with the babe*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Attend.* Please your Highness, posts,
From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come
An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court.

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1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond accompt.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Sicilia. A Street.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

CLEOMENES.

THE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' th' Oracle,

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Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the Queen, — O, be 't so! —
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business. When the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go, — fresh horses; —
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Same. A Court of Justice.

Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tri'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highness' pleasure that the Queen
Appear in person here in Court. — Silence!

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HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. "*Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*"

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'Not guilty;' mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: — If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me, —
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, — here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour

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'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, t' appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or, in act or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry Fie! upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your Court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

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Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams,
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. — As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails. For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: my second joy,
And first fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murther: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The childbed privilege deni'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' th' open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not: — my life,

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I prize it not a straw: — but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, (all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake,) I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law. — Your honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo., Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Officer *reads.*

"HERMIONE IS CHASTE, POLIXENES BLAMELESS, CAMILLO A TRUE SUBJECT, LEONTES A JEALOUS TYRANT, HIS INNOCENT BABE TRULY BEGOTTEN; AND THE KING SHALL LIVE WITHOUT AN HEIR, IF THAT WHICH IS LOST BE NOT FOUND."

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Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praised!
Leon. Hast thou read truth?
Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.
Leon. There is no truth at all i' th' Oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Servant. My lord the King, the King!
Leon. What is the business?
Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.
Leon. How, gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo's angry; and the Heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there?
Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen. — Look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover. —
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion: —
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. — Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAUL. *and* Ladies *with* HER.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine Oracle! —
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my Queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

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Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, — most humane,
And fill'd with honour, — to my kingly guest,
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour. — How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels, racks, fires? What flaying? boiling
In leads, or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies, —
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! — O, think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon

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The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out o' fire, ere done 't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last, — O, lords,
When I have said, cry Woe! — the Queen, the Queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear 't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant,
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.

1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' th' boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,

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I do repent. Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. — What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your Queen, — lo, fool again! —
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: — take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Babe; and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

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Mariner. Ay, my lord: and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The Heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! — Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' th' land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' th' business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe: —
I have heard (but not believ'd) the spirits o' th' dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since Fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita

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I pr'ythee call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more: "— and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of it's right father. Blossom, speed thee well.
[*Laying down the babe.*
There lie; and there thy character: there these;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee pretty,
And still rest thine. — The storm begins. — Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow! — Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: — and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. — Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour! —
Well may I get aboard! — This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shepherd. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting. — Hark you now! — Would any

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but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A god, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door work; they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land; — but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service: — to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cri'd to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman: — but to make an end

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of the ship: — to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it: — but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; — and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half-din'd on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open 't. So; let's see. It was told me I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling. Open 't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. — Let my sheep go. — Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

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Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time.

I THAT please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untri'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving

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That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' th' King's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, hav-

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ing made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King, my brother; whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted he is of late much retired from Court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence, — that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence, but I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the

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shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. 'Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer, —
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale, —
Why, then comes in the sweet o' th' year;
For the red blood reigns in the Winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing! —
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants, —
With, heigh! [with, heigh!] the thrush and the jay: —
Are Summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

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If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die, and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. — A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see. — Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields — pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, — what comes the wool to?

Autolycus. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without compters. — Let me see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice; — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace, — dates, — none; that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger; but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' th' sun.

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Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' th' name of me, —

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have

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money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the Court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the Court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

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Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing, too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Florizel. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on 't.

Perdita. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest [it] with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.

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Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, — since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r o' th' King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, — that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dear'st Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be

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Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say No. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised*; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly;
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' th' feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To* POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome!
It is my father's will I should take on me

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The hostess-ship o' th' day. [*To* CAMILLO.] You're welcome, sir!
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the Winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, —
Not yet on Summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling Winter, — the fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call Nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend Nature, — change it, rather; but
The art itself is Nature.

Per. So it is.

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Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. — Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y' are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' th' Spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing. O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flo'ver-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,

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To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.
Flo. What! like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank, for Love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if, — not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps [so] fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't. — But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever

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Ran on the green sord: nothing she does or says,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look on 't. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dorcas. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mopsa. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners. —
Come, strike up. [*Music.*

Here a Dance of Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good Shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding. But I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter.
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor

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and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of "*dildos and fadings;*" "*jump her and thump her;*" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "*Whoop, do me no harm, good man;*" puts him off, slights him, with "*Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*"

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talk'st of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' gross; inkles, caddises, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous word in 's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

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Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as ere was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry. Come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me: but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whisp'ring: charm your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

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Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man; thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, o' life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, — how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wedn'sday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fadom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true, too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too. Another.

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Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man": there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation. Have at it with you.

Song.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go;*
Where it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?*
M. *O, whither?*
D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to th' grange or mill:*
D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
A. *Neither.*
D. *What, neither?*
A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then, whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack

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after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. — Pedler, let's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medlar,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt* Clo., AUT., DOR., *and* MOP.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair: they call themselves saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' th' mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on 't; here has been too much homely foolery already. — I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' squire.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

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Enter Servant, *with twelve* Rustics, *habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter, —
Is it not too far gone? — 'Tis time to part them.
He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*] — How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handled love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks. I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply; at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. — O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this? —
How prettily th' young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! — I have put you out: —
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

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Flo. Do, and be witness to' t.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he; and men, the Earth, the Heavens, and all; —
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain; —
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' th' virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, a while, beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?

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Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not: —
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*

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Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheephook! — Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with, —

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. — I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood; no, not our kin;
Far'r than Deucalion off. — Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the Court. — Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee, — if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for, once or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly
The self-same sun that shines upon his Court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. — Will't please you, sir, begone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.

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I told you what would come o' this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O, sir,
[*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father di'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. — O cursed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'st this was the Prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him. — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, — which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him; — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.
Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

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Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith: and then
Let Nature crush the sides o' th' Earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks.
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, — I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

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Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita, [*Takes her aside.*
[*To* CAMILLO.] I'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy King, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*
Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' th' love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As Heavens forfend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)

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Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, — if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, — make for Sicilia:
And there present yourself, and your fair Princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; th' one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:

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The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you:
But, as you shake off one, to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She's as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' th' rear 'f our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis a pity
She lacks instruction; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita! —
But, O, the thorns we stand upon! — Camillo, —
Preserver of my father, now of me;

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The medicine of our house! — how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, — one word.

[*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-hook, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; it was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse: I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the

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chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [CAM., FLO., *and* PER. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? — [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, — why, hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in 't,) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. — I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? — I smell the trick on 't. — [*Aside.*

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

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Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[FLO. *and* AUT. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to ye! — you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over) to shipboard
Get undescri'd.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:
Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O, Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. [*Aside.*] What I do next shall be, to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt* FLO., PER., *and* CAM.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite

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also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside; — here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the King she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

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Aut. [*Aside.*] Very wisely; puppies!

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance. — Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. — [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what having, breeding? and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover?

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy! Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the Court? Receives not thy nose Court-odour from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness Court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the King.

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Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men! Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant: I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself. For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make

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heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs: and, if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd and flay'd alive!

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it

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as much more; and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:— Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

CLEOMENES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow. No fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass! At the last
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;

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You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the State, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?
What holier than, — for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good, —
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To* LEONTES.] Care not for issue;
The Crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,

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I know, in honour, — O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips, —
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and, on this stage
(Where we offenders now) appear, soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murther her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, 'Remember mine!'
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! — Fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina! so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath, —
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye; —
Cleo. Good Madam, I have done

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Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry, (if you will, sir,
No remedy but you will,) give me the office
To choose you a Queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former: but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentleman. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his Princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His Princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now

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Is colder than that theme,) "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;" — thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon;)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. — Still 'tis strange
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more: cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. — They are come. —

Enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,

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Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair Princess, — goddess! — O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! — Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

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Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your Highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.
Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless: and your father's bless'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

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Lord. Here in your city: I now came from him.
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your Court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay 't so to his charge;
He's with the King your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O, my poor father!—
The Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be:
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,

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Where you were ti'd in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your Queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her
Even in these looks I made. [*To* FLORIZEL.] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

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1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel; heard the old Shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the Shepherd say he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business. — But the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The Oracle is fulfill'd: the King's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more. — How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true: if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance, that which you hear you'll swear you

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see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, — her jewel about the neck of it, — the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character, — the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, — the affection of nobleness, which Nature shews above her breeding, — and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then you have lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, — as if that joy were now become a loss, — cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old Shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the Shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

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1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrack'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the Shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter, till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned; all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the Court?

3 *Gent.* No; the Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, (a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: — he so near to Hermione hath done Her-

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mione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer,) thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the Shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You deni'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best

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say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince, my brother, and the Princess, my sister, call'd my father father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend. — And I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art

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no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. — Hark! the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we come
To see the statue of our Queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon
The statue of her mother.

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Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.
[PAULINA *draws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder. But yet speak: first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd. Does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;

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And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience:
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have pow'r
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece upon himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —
What was he that did make it? — See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives

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Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you, but I could afflict you farther.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. — Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still:
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

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Paul. Music, awake her: strike. — [*Music.*
'Tis time: descend: be stone no more: approach:
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numbness; for from him
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive she stirs:
[HERMIONE *descends from the pedestal.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead!

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. —
Please you to interpose, fair Madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Presenting* PER., *who kneels to* HER.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's Court? for thou shalt hear, that I,

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Knowing by Paulina that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. — Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I, by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be questioned: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of Kings. — Let 's from this place. —
What? — Look upon my brother: — both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the King, (whom Heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter. — Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 278. —— "as over a *vast*":—i. e., void. So "the dead vast and middle of the night," *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 2, and "the vast of night," *Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.

Scene II.

p. 279. "—— That may blow," &c.:—This passage has been called nonsensical, or very obscure, because its parenthetical nature has hitherto not been indicated. *Polixenes* gives his fears as one reason of his departure, and before assigning the other, pauses to ejaculate a prayer that his apprehensions may not have been put forth, i. e., uttered, too truly. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, by reading "put forth too *early*," really makes nonsense of the passage; and gives one of many proofs that its corrector lacked authority always, and understanding often. In this case he only looked back to the word 'neaping,' i. e., nipping, and conformed his reading to that.

p. 280. "To *let* him there a month behind the *gest*," &c.:—that is, to detain him there a month behind the time appointed for his departure. 'Gest,' from the French *gist*, to lie down, meant either the stopping places on a royal progress, or the schedule of the appointed stages on such a progress. Here, it has the latter sense.

"What lady *she* her lord":—Lord Ellesmere's folio of 1623 and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 have, "What lady *should* her lord," which is plausible, and which Mr. Collier adopted in his edition of 1848. But the original reading, with a great but neither obscure nor inelegant elision, means "whatever lady she may be who loves her lord," and has a quaint fascination, which is lost in the proposed emendation.

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p. 281. "—— a lady's *verily's*" : — So the original; yet all modern editions hitherto, disregarding the contraction, read "verily *is*."

" "—— *the imposition clear'd hereditary ours*" : — This clause is noticeable, not on account of any obscurity, for the meaning is plainly, 'excepting the evil that we have inherited,' but as a typical instance of a style in which Shakespeare wrote during a few years of his life, and which exists in its most marked development in this play.

p. 282. "—— been born *to's*" : — So the original; and yet most modern editions read '*to us*,' to the detriment of rhythm. Shakespeare used contraction much more frequently and more freely in his later than in his earlier years. See just below, "*Cram's* with praise and *make's* as fat," &c., and "You may *ride's*," and above, "a lady's *verily's*," &c.

" "With spur we *heat* an acre" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 takes the life of this passage by reading "we *clear* an acre."

p. 283. "From *bounty's* fertile bosom" : — The original has "from *bounty* fertile bosom." Malone proposed the obvious correction, which was afterwards found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*I fecks*" : — A contraction of 'in faith,' say some; of 'in fact,' others.

" "My *bawcock*." — See Notes on *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Sc. 4, p. 259.

" "Still *virginalling*" : — i. e., playing, as upon the keyboard of a virginal, as the old harpsichord was called.

" "—— a rough *pash*" : — This word 'pash' seems to have been applied to the front or brow of an animal; that part which in a young bull is rough with hair and budding horns.

p. 284. "—— your *welkin* eye" : — i. e., your heaven-blue eye.

" "—— my *collop*" : — A collop was what we now call a cutlet. "Colloppe. *Frixatura*." *Promptorium Parvulorum*. See also the instances quoted by Steevens, — "thou art a collop of my flesh," *Henry VI.* Part 1, Act V. Sc. 4; — and by Boswell, "it is a deere collup that is cut out of th' owne flesh." Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1586. *Leontes* means to call *Mamillus* 'a chip of the old block.'

" "*Affection*, thy intention stabs the centre" : — that is, 'the mind, when it is powerfully excited or affected, intui-

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tively pierces the very heart, hits the white, touches the root of the matter.' For a similar use of 'affection,' see "and others when the bagpipe sings," &c., and the Note upon it: *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

p. 284. "*What cheer?*" &c.: — This line is assigned in the original to *Leontes*; but I cannot doubt that Hanmer was right in making it a part of *Polixenes'* speech. Otherwise, not only does *Leontes* express a solicitude not in keeping with his mood, but *Polixenes* does not put the very question which the situation required from him. It is clearly intended too that *Hermione* should continue the inquiry which her companion begins; but this natural course of the dialogue is broken by the old arrangement. Some editors suppose, however, that *Leontes*, startled from his reverie, instantly inquires after the health of *Polixenes*.

" "—— *it's* folly, *it's* tenderness, and make *it self*," &c.: — So the original and the second folio; yet all modern editions hitherto have '*its*,' and '*itself*,' thus destroying a textual trait characteristic of the period when these plays were written. It appears that the possessive pronoun 'its,' in its consolidated form, was not known in Shakespeare's time, and the extended form 'it's' was only just coming into use. At that time 'his' and 'her,' but especially the former, were used where we would now use 'it,' as any observant and thoughtful reader of the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton, who has considered their language as well as their thought, must have remarked. For instance, the oft quoted passages, "if the salt have lost *his* savor," *Luke* xiv. 34: "And God made the beast of the earth after *his* kind," *Gen.* i. 25: "it shall not henceforth yield unto thee *her* strength," *Ib.* iv. 12. Such might be multiplied without number. 'It,' too, was used with possessive signification, and 'itself' was almost always written as two words. The use of 'his' or 'her,' by the Elizabethan writers, does not necessarily imply an impersonation. See Note on "he owes the malady," *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 119.

"—— I did *recoil*": — Spelled *requoyl* in the original. See Note on "*qui, quæ, quod*," *Merry Wives of Windsor* Act IV. Sc. 1.

p. 285. "This *squash*": — See Notes on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 111.

' "Will you take *eggs for money?*" — This phrase meant, Will you be trifled with? But how it acquired that signification no one has yet been able to discover.

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p. 285. "——*happy man be's dole*": — See Notes on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. Sc. 4, p. 319. But may not the uncontracted phrase be 'happy man *by* his dole'?

" "To her *allowing* husband": — i. e., to her accordant husband; or rather, perhaps, to her husband, with whom it is allowable that she should be so bold.

" "We are yours *i' th' garden*": — Shakespeare had the minute details of the old novel vividly in mind here: "When *Pandosto* was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend *Egistus*, *Bellaria* would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents."

p. 286. "——many a thousand *on's*": — So the original. Malone read 'a thousand *of us*;' but the word in the text is doubtless that of the author, and the contraction was made for the sake of rhythm. 'On,' which Mr. Collier refers to as "the language of the time," is now commonly used in New England for 'of.'

" "I am like you [*they*] say": — The original omits 'they,' which was supplied in the second folio.

p. 287. "—— whisp'ring, *rounding*": — 'To round in the ears,' in the sense of 'telling secretly,' or 'murmuring,' is common among ancient authors.

" "—— *will draw in*": — The omission of a pronoun or a conjunction here, as just above, "made his business more material," is a characteristic trait of the style of Elizabethan dramatic writers. It occurs often in these plays, and in none oftener than in this.

" "—— *lower messes*": — Of old the company at the tables of the great was divided into messes of four, who shared certain dishes and table furniture; and guests were placed above or below the salt, according to their rank. In this line 'extraordinary' has its full original complement of six syllables.

" "With all the *nearest* things," &c.: — Mr. William Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*) would read, for the sake of rhythm,

"With all the *near'st* things to my heart as well;"

and previously in this Scene,

"Hermione, my *dear'st*, thou never spok'st;"

and in all similar cases would make the same elision for the same reason. But we cannot so rewrite Shakespeare.

"Which *hoxes*": — To 'hox' was to cut the hamstrings.

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p. 288. "My wife's a *hobby*-horse" : — The original has "a *holy*-horse." The manifest error was corrected by Pope, and in the Earl of Ellesmere's folio.

" "Before her *troth-plight*" : — Not before her marriage, but before her betrothment. See the remarks on Shakespeare's marriage, *Life*, Vol. I.

p. 289. "Blind with the *pin and web*" : — An early stage of the cataract was called 'the pin and web.' See *King. Lear*, Act III. Sc. 4.

" "—— like *her* medal" : — that is, 'she hangs about his neck as her picture or her medal would.' Malone read 'like *his* medal,' and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has 'like *a* medal.' Change is needless.

p. 290. "*His cup-bearer*" : — In Greene's tale, *Pandosto* contriving "how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; . . . . and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his [Egistus'] cupbearer." *Franion*, the cupbearer, endeavors to dissuade *Pandosto* from his purpose; but finding it in vain, "consented as soon as opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus."

p. 291. "—— *I'd* not do't" : — The original has "I'*ld*," not only here but in every other instance that I have noticed of the contracted form of 'I would.' So 'we would' is contracted to 'we'ld,' not 'we'd.' But 'I had' becomes 'I'd,' and 'we had,' 'we'd.' That the *l* was pronounced as well as written in 'would' and 'should,' and in 'I'ld' and 'we'ld,' as late as the beginning of the last century, there can be no doubt. See evidence of it in the Dramatis Personæ of Farquhar's *Twin Rivals*, 4to., 1702, where, and throughout the play, the name of the two principal characters is printed not *Wouldbe*, but *Wou'dbe*. As, for instance, "No further yet, *Wou'dbe*, 'tis almost One," (Act I. Sc. 1,) where the apostrophe marks an omitted sound as well in 'Wou'dbe' as in ''tis.' Such instances swarm in the original editions of the plays of this period. The contracted form of 'I would' is quite uncommon in the literature of Shakespeare's day. See Note on "such rackers of orthography." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1.

p. 292. "In whose *success we are gentle*" : — Succeeding whom, by our descent from whom, we have our gentility.

p. 293. "To *vice* you to 't" : — This has hitherto been explained to mean 'to force you to it as by a vice;' and, as that may be the meaning, the text must stand. But I have hardly

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a doubt that there has been a slight typographical error, and that we should read "to *'tice* [i. e., entice] you to it." A tempter in such cases was commonly called "an instrument;" and Camillo would hardly suppose such a case as the violent forcing of *Polixenes* into the arms of *Hermione*.

p. 294. "Swear *this, though*, over": — The original has by the transposition of a single letter — among the commonest of misprints — "Swear *his thought* over," which, in spite of Theobald's indication of the obvious error, has been hitherto retained, with the extraordinary explanation 'over-swear his thought'! The correction was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "By all their *influences*": — Thus the original. But there is little if any doubt in my mind, that Shakespeare wrote 'influ*ence*.' See Note on "Servile to all the skiey influences," &c. *Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 121.

p. 295. "*Good expedition be my friend*," &c.: — Thus the original. The passage is, to say the least, one of the most unsatisfactory in all these plays. If it be corrupted, no one has been able to restore it; if it be genuine, no one has acceptably explained it. Malone paraphrased it as follows: "Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent Queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the Queen who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicions." No other comment upon the passage is worth perpetuation. In favor of this exegesis Malone quoted *Viola's* speech in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Sc. 4: "Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is *something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose*." To this may be added the following passage from Act II. Sc. 1, of the present play, —

> "It is but weakness
> To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
> The cause were not in being; — *part o' th' cause*
> *She, the adult'ress*; — for the harlot King
> Is quite beyond mine arm," &c.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 296. "Who *taught' this?*" — So the original. Mr. Collier reads, "Who taught this?" All modern editions, until the appearance of his, read, "Who taught *you* this?"

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and 'you,' expressed or understood, is necessary to the sense, although Mr. Collier thought that it was not. The apostrophe, the existence of which has been hitherto entirely ignored, marks the elision of the pronoun, strange as it may seem to those who are accustomed only to a modern style of writing and printing. So we find in the original, and in the old copies of plays by other dramatists, ''Would' for 'I would,' and ''Beseech' for 'I beseech;' and these forms have been very properly retained. The ellipses in this play are many and bold; and this is quite in keeping with its general character. Two cases similar to this have, however, been remarked upon in previous plays. See Notes on "What 'fool," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2, and "This 'a good friar," *Measure for Measure*, Act V. Sc. 1., and, in this play, "and beseech' so to esteem," &c., Sc. 3 of this Act.

p. 297. "A *spider* steep'd": — The belief that spiders are poisonous has not yet quite become extinct.

" "Remain a *pinch'd* thing": — that is, a puppet; puppets being played by pinching them.

p. 299. "A *federary* with her": — It is hardly necessary to say that 'federary' means 'confederate.' It may be a misprint for 'feodary.' See Notes on *Measure for Measure*, Act III. Sc. 4, p. 120.

" "*The centre*": — The centre of the earth, upon which the phrase supposes the visible world to be poised.

" "—— is *afar off* guilty": — Heath's explanation, 'guilty in a distant degree,' has been generally accepted. There may be corruption. "*But* that he speaks" means, of course, 'merely in speaking.'

p. 300. "I'll keep *my stables*," &c.: — The meaning of this passage seems so plainly 'I will degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel,' that had there not been much, quite from the purpose, written about it, it would require no special notice. The idea of horses and dogs being once suggested by the word 'stable,' the speaker goes on to utter another thought connected with it: "I'll go in couples," &c.

" "I would *land-damn* him": — It is generally supposed that there is corruption here, and the attempts to explain 'land-damn' are pitiable. Mr. Collier proposed 'lamback' = beat, which was afterward found in his folio of 1632. Farmer was actually reduced to such straits as to suggest "*laudanum* him." Under these circumstances, Rann's conjecture that "land-damn" means "condemned to the punishment of being built up in the earth" is

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worthy of attention, as being, to say the least, not without reason, or the support which he neglected to give it. See *Titus Andronicus*, Act V. Sc. 3:

"Set him breast-deep in the earth and famish him," &c.

This was justly considered the most fearful of all dooms; and was one likely to be common under the rule of so unscrupulous a despot as *Leontes*. The occurrence of 'damn'd,' in the line just above, renders corruption more probable.

p. 301. "And I had rather *glib* myself": — 'Glib,' or 'lib,' was a common word for 'castrate,' or 'geld.'

" "Relish *a* truth": — So the original, which was needlessly corrected by Rowe to "*as* truth." Shakespeare's construction is not always strictly consequential.

p. 302. "Of *stuff'd* sufficiency": — that is, it can hardly be necessary to say, 'of full, ample sufficiency, and more.'

SCENE II.

p. 303. "And one *who* I much honour": — The second folio has "And one *whom*," &c. — a modernization.

p. 304. "These dangerous unsafe *lunes*": — See Notes on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 320.

SCENE III.

p. 306. "—— for the *harlot* King": — See Notes on *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 219; but here 'harlot' is used with sole reference to a crime against chastity.

" "Is quite beyond mine *arm*": — Barron Field suggested 'mine *aim*,' which is very plausible, considering the context. But although an object may be out of point blank shot, nothing can be said to be *beyond* aim. We can *aim* at the moon. Those who, for the sake of the integrity of the metaphor, would read 'beyond mine *aim*,' should also read '*shot* proof' for "plot proof."

' "And in his *parties*, his *alliance*": — 'His parties' means, of course, his adherents. This passage shows verbal reminiscences of the old tale: "Pandosto although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envie alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw Egistus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to aid him.'

' "More *free* than he is jealous," &c.: — See Notes on *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 4, p. 253.

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p. 307. "—— *commanded* none should come," &c.: — It has been noticed before that the omission of a conjunction or a pronoun is common with all the dramatic writers of the Elizabethan era as well as those of the Restoration. It occurs in this play continually.

" "*What* noise there": — The first folio misprints "*Who* noise there," which was corrected in the second.

p. 308. "—— thou art *woman-tir'd*:" — To 'tire' meant in falconry to tear with the beak; and 'woman-tir'd,' therefore, was woman-pecked, or hen-pecked.

p. 309. "A *callet*": — This term of reproach has hitherto been considered to mean vile, shameless, as being derived from *calle*, or *calote*, which was the French name for a sort of kerchief worn by country girls, and "*perhaps* by loose women." But is it not plainly the noun of 'callit,' still used in Yorkshire, England, to mean rail, scold? See *A Glossary of Yorkshire Words and Phrases*. London. 1856. See also Braithewaite's *Cares Cure*:

"Or to hear her, in her spleen,
Callet like a butter-quean;"

and this very passage, — "A callet of boundless tongue."

" "So like you 'tis the worse": — Of the old proverb alluded to by *Paulina*, I can find no trace.

" "And, *lozel*": — A lozel was a lazy, spiritless, abandoned fellow. Our American slang word 'loafer' seems to be nearly its counterpart.

p. 311. "—— and *beseech*'": — This hitherto omitted and unnoticed apostrophe appears in the original, and marks the arbitrary elision of 'you,' which even according to the grammatical usage of Shakespeare's day could not be understood as the objective of 'beseech.' See Note on "Who *taught* '*this*?" Act II. Sc. 1 of this play.

"So sure as *this* beard's grey": — Mr. Collier, following a MS. correction in the Earl of Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, reads, quite unnecessarily, "*thy* beard's grey." *Leontes*, in uttering such a speech, would, of course, point at *Antigonus*.

p. 312. "—— to *it* own protection": — See Note on "*it's* folly," &c., Act I. Sc. 2. In all these instances the second folio, 1632, as well as the first, reads 'it' or 'it's,' not 'its.'

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ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 313. "Fertile the *isle*": — The temple of Apollo, where the oracle was consulted, was not on an island, but at Delphi, in Phocis, on the main land. But here Shakespeare followed Robert Greene, Master of Arts in both Universities, who makes Bellaria request Pandosto "to send six of his noble men, whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos, there to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo," &c.

Scene II.

p. 314. "*Even to* the guilt": — Mr. Roderick was of the opinion that 'even to' was to be received in the sense of 'even with,' or 'equal to.' It may be so. But the phrase in its ordinary sense — that justice shall have its course, whether it lead to the guilt or acquittal of the prisoner — is at least as pertinent and forcible.

"*Silence!*" — This appears in the original as a stage direction, and is so retained by Mr. Collier. But there is no need at all of any such direction; and that the word belongs to the text, from which it was accidentally displaced, is shown by the corresponding passage in the trial of *Queen Katharine*. *Henry VIII.*, Act II. Sc. 4:

"*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded."

p. 315. "—— the *pretence* whereof": — i. e., the design, the purpose: this word is from Greene's novel. See the quotation in the next Note.

"—— *to fly away by night*": — This indictment contains several expressions found in the accusation against *Bellaria* in the old tale: "it was objected to her that she had committed adulterie with Egistus, and conspired with Franion to poyson Pandosto her husband; but their pretence being partly spoyed, she counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety."

"*If powers divine behold our human actions, (as they do*"): — So in Greene's novel the Queen commences her plea: "If the devine powers be privy to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spightful discredit."

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p. 315. "(*Who* least will seem," &c.: — The original has "*Whom*," which Rowe corrected, but which Mr. Halliwell retains, and which, considering the unsettled state of minor grammatical relations in Shakespeare's time, is possibly the author's word.

p. 316. "With what *encounter so uncurrent*," &c.: — 'Encounter' was of old used in the sense of 'intercourse,' of whatever nature; 'uncurrent' may be taken in the sense of 'unallowable;' and 'strained' plainly means, to go astray, to swerve from the right path. *Hermione* therefore asks, 'into what improper intercourse with *Polixenes* have I been led astray?' Still it is possible that the passage is corrupted; in which case the misprint is probably in the word "uncurrent." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads, "*I* have *stray'd*," which gives but little help, and that where help is least needed. Much, and to little purpose, has been written on the passage; but there is some plausibility in the following paraphrastic explanation by Mr. Amyot, of London, loose and feeble as it is: "Hermione means to say, 'Beloved as I was before Polixenes arrived, and deservedly so. I appeal to your conscience how it has happened that I have had to struggle against so untoward a current, as to appear before you thus in the character of a criminal.'" But 'strain' can here hardly mean 'struggle,' or 'so untoward a current' be accepted as an equivalent for 'encounter so uncurrent.'

p. 317. "Those of your *fact* are so": — i. e., it is hardly necessary to say, those who do what you have done — the radical sense of the word. As a curious specimen of critical literature, and as an exponent of the apprehensive capabilities of the last century for the language of Shakespeare, it is worth while to record that Johnson, remarking that 'fact' could not be used for 'guilt,' "which must be its sense in this place," proposed "those of your *pack* are so;" that Farmer thought "*sect* to be the right word;" and that Steevens sustained him!

Here again are verbal reminiscences of the old tale; the corresponding passage of which is, "And as for her, it was her parte to denye such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault."

"The *bug*": — See Notes on *Taming of the Shrew*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 491.

"—— life can be no *commodity*": — 'Commodity' was used to mean profit. "And therefore seeing all my trauaile tendeth to common commoditie, I trust euerie man will interpret all for the best." *The Haven of Health*,

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4to. 1584. Sig. ¶¶ 4 b. There are several instances in these plays, and numberless throughout the literature of Shakespeare's time. So 'goods' now means merchandise.

p. 317. "—— in *it* most innocent mouth": — So. both first and second folios. See Note on "it's folly," Act I. Sc. 2.

" "—— before I have got strength of limit": — that is, 'before I have regained strength by limit, restraint, confinement, after child-birth;' but, perhaps, as Mason says, 'the limited degree of strength' necessary for me, or, according to Singer, 'strength to pass limits.'

" "—— mistake me not: — *my* life," &c.: — This passage stands thus in the original:

"But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor," &c.

Hitherto it has been given, "mistake me not; — *No!* life, I prize it not," &c. But such an exclamation is not in place; and it seems plain that 'no' is a misprint for 'my,' and that "my life" is antithetical to "mine honor." See *Hermione's* previous speech in this Scene, p. 315:

"For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative," &c.

p. 318. "*The Emperor of Russia was my father*": — In this singular anachronism Shakespeare literally followed the professed scholar on whose work he founded his play. Greene says of *Egistus*, "he married the Emperour's daughter of Russia." *Egistus* is the Sicilian in the tale; but Shakespeare transposed the royal characters. See *Introduction*.

"Hermione is *chaste*": — This response of the oracle is a close copy of that in the old tale, which is in these words: "Suspition is no proof: Jealousy is an unequall judge: Bellaria is chast: Egistus blamelesse: Franion a true subject: Pandosto treacherous: his babe an innocent, and the king shall die without an heire if that which is lost be not founde." Mr. Collier remarks that the editions of *Pandosto* subsequent to that of 1588 read "his babe innocent," and "the king shall *live* without an heir." Shakespeare therefore used one of the later impressions. It is worth while to notice that both the first and second folios read "Hermione is *cast*." This orthography, which was not uncommon, gives some support to the conjecture that in *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 4, we should read, "he hath bought a pair of *chaste* lips of Diana."

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p. 320. "—— *and to the hazard*" : — For its full complement this line lacks two syllables; and the reading of the second folio, "and to the *certain* hazard," supplies the deficiency by a contrast so much in Shakespeare's manner, that were it not plain that he often purposely left lines incomplete, the correction might be safely received into the text.

" "*Thorough* my rust" : — The original reads "*Through;*" but as the two forms of the word were used interchangeably, there can be no doubt that the *o* necessary to the rhythm of the line dropped, or was accidentally omitted.

" "—— of a *fool*, inconstant" : — I have hardly a doubt that Theobald's supposition that there is here an easy misprint of "of a *foul* inconstant," is correct; not, however, for his reason, that it would be too blunt in *Paulina* to call the King a fool; but because she does not call him so with sufficient directness, and because there is great fitness in the expression as amended. But as the original text may be accepted as an instance of a French construction used by Shakespeare, (See Notes on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I. Sc. 1,) and as meaning, 'That did but show thee a fool,' &c., it must stand.

p. 322. "At *my petition*" : — i. e., at my seeking. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads "At *repetition*." The change indicates a mind of blunt perceptions.

Scene III.

" "Thou art *perfect*" : — i. e., thou art well assured.

p. 323. "So fill'd, and so *becoming*" : — i. e., so decent. The expression, considered with the context, is a singular one, it must be admitted. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 most ridiculously reads "so fill'd and so *o'erflowing*" !

" "There *weep*" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "There *wend*" — a very plausible emendation, and one which perhaps should be received into the text. But the subsequent passage, in which *Antigonus'* oath is alluded to, —

> "Poor wretch
> That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
> To loss, and what may follow! — *Weep I cannot*,
> But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I
> To be by oath enjoin'd to this," —

by its implication of the duty of shedding tears, supports the original reading.

p. 325. "A *god* or a child, I wonder?" — The original and all editions hitherto read "A *boy* or a child." The passage

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has been a great puzzle to the commentators, who have, in despair, it would seem, accepted Steevens' bold explanation, confessedly made on his hearsay only, that in some of the midland counties of England "a female infant, in contradistinction to a male one, is still termed among the peasantry — a child." But, as Mr. Verplanck well observes, "in none of the provincial glossaries can we find an authority for such an application: on the contrary, in all the ancient writers 'childe' means a boy, a young man, and generally in some association with chivalry." Conclusive instances are "Child Roland" in *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 4, *Childe Waters*, *Childe Childers*, and the ballad beginning, —

"On yonder hill a castle stands,
With walles and towres bedight;
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely knight."

Byron's *Childe Harold*, a modern perpetuation of the old signification of the word, will occur to all readers. In this very play, too, Act I. Sc. 1, *Camillo* calls Prince *Mamillius* "a gallant child." The true reading, I have not a doubt, is that of the text, "A *god* or a child" — meaning, 'a babe of immortal or mortal origin.' The typographical mistake involved might easily have been made; and the correspondent passage, hitherto unnoticed, of the old tale (the language of which, as it has been shown by many instances in these Notes, was deeply impressed upon Shakespeare's mind) seems quite decisive on the point.

"The sheepeheard, who before had never seene so faire a babe nor so riche jewels, thought assuredly that it was *some little god*, and began with great devocion to knock on his breast. The babe, who wrythed with the head to seek for the pap, began againe to cry a freshe, whereby the poore man knew *it was a childe*."

It should be remembered that the time is that of Apollo's Oracle, when demigods were begotten upon the Earth, and the children of Jupiter, Mars, and Apollo were exposed and found by shepherds.

p. 325. "*Whoa*, ho, *hoa!*" — The final *a* in the call and reply here, seems to have been intended to be pronounced.

p. 326. "—— the sea *flap-dragon'd* it": — i. e., swallowed it as a toper swallows flap-dragons, or plums floating on blazing liquor.

"—— to have help'd the *old* man": — Shakespeare knew that *Antigonus* was old, but the *Shepherd* did not. This is a specimen of the only kind of self-obtrusion found in Shakespeare's dramas.

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p. 326. "—— a *bearing-cloth*": — The fine mantle in which the children of the wealthy are wrapped on state occasions was called, of old, the bearing-cloth.

"You're a *made* old man": — The original misprints "a *mad* old man."

"—— the *next* way" — i. e., the nearest way.

ACT FOURTH.

p. 327. There could hardly be greater difference in style than that between Time's speech as Chorus and the rest of the verse in this play. The former is direct, simple, composed of the commonest words used in their commonest signification, but bald and tame, and in its versification very constrained and ungraceful: the latter is involved, parenthetical, having a vocabulary of its own, but rich in beauties of thought and expression, and entirely untrammelled by the form in which it is written. The Chorus I believe not to have been written by Shakespeare. It bears no resemblance to his work at any period of his life. My ear cannot err, I think, in deciding that such rhythm as this is not Shakespeare's:

"To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' th' King's, which Florizel
I now name to you."

A comparison of this Chorus with the Epilogue to *The Tempest*, and the Prologue to *Henry VIII.*, will, I think, convince any one with an ear that they are from the same pen, and that not Shakespeare's. He probably saw, after putting the story into dramatic form, that for an audience an explanation was needed to bridge over the space between the two Acts, and committed the ungrateful task to willing hands. It has been supposed by previous editors, and not without reason, that the Prologue to

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Henry VIII. was written by Ben Jonson. But from the remarkable use in that composition of the unco uth and disjointed rhythm produced by the continued *enjambement de vers*, which is noticeable also in the Epilogue to *The Tempest*, and in a still greater degree in this Chorus, I more than suspect that they were all written by Chapman. See Chapman's poetical address *To the Reader* which precedes his translation of Homer; and also that translation. See also the Note on the Epilogue to *The Tempest*, and the *Introduction* to *The Taming of the Shrew*. Vol. IV. p. 390.

SCENE I.

p. 328. This is *Scena Secunda* in the original, and the following two, *Scena Tertia* and *Scena Quarta*, of course; the Chorus being there counted as a Scene.

p. 329. "—— I have, *missingly*, noted": — Hanmer and the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 needlessly read "*musingly*."

SCENE II.

p. 330. "*Enter* AUTOLYCUS": — The original adds "*very ragged*."

" "—— the *Winter's pale*": — i. e., the boundaries of the realm of Winter; a quibbling antithesis between red and pale is also intended.

" "—— my *pugging* tooth": — 'Puggard' was a cant name for a variety of the thieving tribe. See Middleton's *Roaring Girl*. 1611: —

"—— and know more laws
Of cheators, lifters, nips foists, puggards, curbers
With all the Devil's black-guard," &c.
Act V. Sc. 1, Vol. II., p. 546, ed. Dyce.

" "With, heigh! [*with, heigh!*]" — The first folio omits the necessary repetition, which is given in the second. But perhaps the line was completed by other words.

" "—— me and my *aunts*": — Steevens quoted, in illustration, from Decker's *Honest Whore*: "I'll call you one of my aunts, sister; that were as good as to call you an arrant whore."

"—— worn *three pile*": — i. e., velvet of the richest quality.

p. 331. "—— the sow-skin *bowget*": — i. e., budget; the change of orthography being made for the sake of rhyme, about which our early writers, contrary to the received opinion, were very particular. Even Ben Jonson, schola-

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and grammarian as he was, did not hesitate to make radical changes in orthography to obtain a perfect in place of an imperfect rhyme. The fact is important in the history of our language.

p. 33' "My traffic is *sheets*," &c. : — *Autolycus* means that he steals sheets from the drying lines, leaving smaller pieces to the birds, which sometimes will carry them off to line their nests.

' "My father named me *Autolycus*" : — Autolycus was the son of Hermes or Mercury, and was famous for his cunning and success in lying and robbing. He was the grandfather of Ulysses the wily.

' "Every 'leven wether *tods*" : — A tod was twenty-eight pounds of wool. From the *Conceipt of English Pollicy*, 1581, fols. 14 b, 15, and 15 b, we learn that there had been an advance of prices equal to about fifty per cent. within the thirty years previous to the publication of that work, ("yee sell that yee were wont to sell aforetime ['xxx yeares agoe'] for xx groats now for xxx,") and that "aforetime" the husbandman sold "his wooll at a marke the Todde." This, the mark being 13*s.* 6*d.*, would make "every tod yield pound and odd shilling" in Shakespeare's time.

' "*Three-man songmen all*" : — They were all able to bear a part in a glee or madrigal for three voices. Madrigal singing was the most common social diversion in Shakespeare's day. He was not "a complete man" who could not sing his part in one at sight. 'Means' were tenors. See Notes on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 183.

' "—— the *warden pies*" : — pies made of the warden pear; a large sort of that fruit which, even when ripe, is very hard, and is used only for preserving in sugar. It is now known, I believe, as the pound pear.

' "—— out of *my note*" : — i. e., 'not among the matters of which I am to take note;' not 'out of my list,' as most editors evidently understand it, by printing the items which the *Clown* enumerates, as if he read them from a list. Shakespeare would not have represented a Clown in his day reading; and manuscript, too. Had he done so, a shout of laughter, not with him but at him, would have gone up from even the penny-paying part of his audience.

"—— *raisins o' th' sun*" : — All raisins were so called. "Among us in England they be of two sortes, that is to say great Raysons and smal Raysons, otherwise called

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Corans. [Currants.] The greatest sort are called ray sons of the sunne, the other are commonly to be had and are much used in meats," &c. *The Haven of Health.* 1584. p. 97.

p. 333. "—— *trol-my-dames*" :— Farmer quoted the following description of this game from *The Benefit of the Ancient Bathes of Buckstones*, compiled by John Jones at the King's Mede, nigh Darby. 1572. 4to. p. 12: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, and maydes, may in one of the galleries walke: and if the weather bee not aggreeable to theire expectacion, they may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, intoo the whiche to trowle pummates, or bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, eyther vyolent or softe, after their owne discretion; the pastyme *troule-in-madame* is termed." The older title of the game was 'pigeon holes.'

"—— he *compassed a motion* of the Prodigal Son" :— i. e., 'he managed to obtain a puppet show of the Prodigal Son.'

p. 334. "—— let me be *unroll'd*" :— Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*en*roll'd" — in the book of Virtue, of course. But *Autolycus* means, 'let me be struck off the roll of thieves, and put upon that of honest men.'

"And merrily *hent* the stile-a" :— 'Hent' is an obsolete Anglo Saxon word, from *hentan* = to take. These lines are most probably not Shakespeare's. They make part of an old round for three voices.

Scene III.

" "*Do* give a life" :— The original has "*Do's* give a life," and possibly this was the form of the verb in the MS. Similar instances of want of syntactical concord are so numerous in the dramatic literature of Shakespeare's age, as to forbid the supposition that they are due to accident or carelessness. Writers of plays seem to have been content, in this respect, to represent the colloquial habits of their day.

"—— no shepherdess; *but Flora*" :— So in Greene's novel: "Which attire became her so gallantly as she seemed to be the goddesse Flora herself for beauty." The identity of comparison is the more remarkable, because, with all Shakespeare's frequent reference to the classic Mythology, (in which, however, he was behind most of his contemporaries,) this is the only passage in which he

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mentions Flora; the goddess whom, Venus perhaps excepted, other poets have oftenest on their lips.

p. 334. "—— *sworn*, I think, to shew myself a glass": — *Perdita* says, and to my apprehension, as plainly and pertinently as possible, that Prince *Florizel*, in obscuring himself "with a swain's wearing," would seem (if it were not that the festivity excused the costume) to have sworn to show her, a swain's daughter, a reflex of her own condition, as if in a mirror, and, consequently, the difference between her actual position and his. Jackson proposed a change, and Mr. Collier's MS. corrector changes, "sworn" to "*so worn*," forgetting that "you" (i. e., *Florizel*) would then be the antecedent of 'worn.' Hanmer and Singer read, most tamely, "*swoon*." As to "every *mess*," see the Note on "lower messes," Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 335. "—— my *borrowed* flaunts": — So the original. But all modern editions read "*borrow'd*;" losing by the contraction the pleasing variety of rhythm, and the finer flow of the line which is secured by the retention of the full participial form. We are bound to attribute this to the Poet's intention; but if it is due to accident, let us thank Fortune, by not rejecting her gift.

"—— by th' pow'r *o' th'* King": — These last contractions are not found in the original. The omission was plainly accidental.

p. 337. "—— and streak'd *gillyvors*": — This is an old but not a contracted or corrupted form of 'gillyflowers.' The flower was a received emblem of immodesty and fickleness. Steevens supposed 'gill-flirt' = a wanton, found in many old plays, (and see 'flirt-gills,' *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Sc. 4,) to be corrupted from it.

p. 338. "The *dibble*": — A dibble is an instrument used to make the holes in which large seeds are planted.

"The *marigold*": — Not the flower now so called; but the sun-flower, which "goes to bed with th' sun," &c. "Marigoldes are hoat and drye, an herbe well knowen and as usual in the kitchin as in the hall: the nature of is to open at the Sunne rising, and to close up at the Sunne setting." *The Hauen of Health*. 1584. p. 68.

"O *Proserpina!*" — The allusion is to the Rape of Proserpine, recounted by Ovid. *Metamorphoseon*, Lib. V..

"Pœne simul visa est; dilectaque, raptaque Diti:

. . . . . .

—— et ut summa vestem laniarat ab orâ,
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis," &c.

The following English version of the passage appeared

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in Golding's translation, 1587, which Shakespeare had doubtless read:

"While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime
In gathering either violets blew, or lillies white as lime,
Dis spide her. lou'd her, caught hir up, and all at once well neere.
The ladie with a wailing voice afright did often call Hir mother ——
And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her flowers went."

p. 338. "From Dis's *wagon*": — Mr. Dyce thinks it necessary to explain, "i. e., Dis's chariot." We have preserved the word 'wagon' in the sense in which it is here used; but it has altogether passed away in England, where 'wagon' means, and has for some time meant, only one of those huge arks on wheels, which, loaded with parcels, pigs, and poultry, crawl groaning and shrieking by the side of a hob-nailed lout from the country to the city and back again. A smart but not over careful or modest writer, in an article on The English Language in America contributed to the *Cambridge Essays* for 1855, calls our use of the word an Americanism, remarking, incorrectly, that the English words and phrases which are preserved here, but which have gone out of use in the mother country, are "English provincialisms;" and adding, quite correctly, that good English is "such as is written in good books, and talked by educated and accomplished men." But at what period talked and written? I suppose that no one will venture to dispute that the English language reached its highest perfection, attained its most characteristic and idiomatic development, uniting strength, flexibility, and power of picturesque and emotional expression, in the days when Shakespeare wrote and the Bible was translated; or that at that time it was more purely and absolutely English than it was before or has been since. Now as to this word 'wagon,' we find that Shakespeare always uses it for a vehicle adapted to the most rapid motion. It is only necessary to send the reader to Mrs. Clarke's *Concordance*, and to instance here the "waggon" of Queen Mab, with its spokes of "long spinner's legs," and its "waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat," and to quote the following passage from *Titus Andronicus*:

"Stab them or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes,

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Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads
I will dismount and by her wagon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long."

In the Bible the word is used, as it is at this day in America, to mean both a vehicle of rapid motion — a chariot — and one suited to the slow transportation of great burthens. For instance, the "wagons" sent by Joseph for his father's family, (*Gen.* xlv. 17–28,) which were not for the transportation of goods, as the "stuff" was to be left; and for "wagons" in King James' version, we find "charets" (chariots) in the previous version known as the Genevan. In the following passage from *The Hauen of Health*, (London, 4to. 1584.) by Thomas Coghan, Master of Arts and Bachelor of Physic, an accomplished scholar, we have the word used exactly in that sense in which the Cambridge Essay writer and, doubtless, Mr. Dyce consider it an Americanism — a light pleasure vehicle: "As for sitting in a boate or barge which is rowed, riding in a horse litter, Couche, or Waggen [it] is a kinde of exercise which is called gestation." p. 3.

p. 339. "—— which peeps [*so*] fairly through 't": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 supplies 'so,' which is not found in the original. A syllable is absolutely necessary to complete the rhythm, in respect to which this Scene is most carefully written. Were two syllables lacking, we might accept the line as purposely incomplete; but the lack of one syllable in this part of the line reduces it from verse to prose.

" "As little *skill* to fear": — 'Skill' was used in the sense of cunning, knowledge, and so, of reason; which last is its meaning here, as Warburton first pointed out.

p. 340. "—— the green *sord*": — This is the old form of 'sward,' not a careless spelling of that word. The original reads "nothing she does or *seems*;" and as 'says' was written *saies* in Shakespeare's day, and 'nothing she seems' has no acceptable meaning here, the correction of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 is received into the text.

" "That makes her blood look *on 's*": — If a change in the text were necessary, Theobald's "look *out*" would be unexceptionable. But Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 utterly destroys this vivid and beautiful figurative expression of the sudden mounting of the blood into a maiden's cheek at the words of her lover, by reading, "That *wakes* her blood. Look on 't!"

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p. 340. "—— *a worthy feeding*" : — i. e., a sufficient feeding ground or pasturage.

" "*But I have it*" : — Mr. Hunter needlessly proposes to read "I *have it but*," &c.; and the sense intended to be conveyed is, perhaps, 'I have it but upon his own report, but I believe it.' The word here, however, seems not to be the 'but' (*be-out*) = except: it is rather the 'but' (from *botan* = to superadd,) which is nearly equivalent to 'and,' and which of old was much used where we would now use that conjunction.

p. 341. "—— *dildos and fadings*" : — These words are found in the burdens of one or two old songs; there was also a dance call'd 'fading;' but I think that no one who reads the whole speech attentively, and who knows what articles some milliners even to this day traffic in, can fail to see that it contains allusions to matters more within the knowledge of city debauchees than of simple rustics.

' "—— break a foul *jape*" : — The original prints this word "*gap*," which is not a corruption, as some have supposed since 'jape' was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. The word meant, not a jest, as Collier and Singer define it, but a coarse and boisterous explosion of mirth, and was oftener spelled with a *g* than a *j*, though always pronounced *jape*. See Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*: "So shee, forgetting modesty, *gapte* out a laughter." p. 32 Shak. Soc. ed. "*Whoop*," &c., is the burden of an old song.

' "—— *unbraided* wares" : — 'Braid' meant deceitful, and 'unbraided,' consequently, honest, reliable. So in *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, as quoted by Steevens: "She says that you sent ware that is not warrantable braided ware, and that you give not London measure." But I think that there is a misprint here, and that Shakespeare wrote "Hath he any *embroided* wares?" This question is natural, and the other is not. The reply of the Servant suits this too, but the other it does not. This conjecture has some support in the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, which has "embroided." See Notes on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 136.

"—— *points*" : — laces to tie doublet and hose together: "*inkle*" is a sort of tape, and "*caddis*" is now-a-days called crewel.

"—— the sleeve-*hand*" : — i. e., the cuff or wrist-band. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads "the sleeve-*band*;" a mere modernization. "The *square*" is the bosom, which still preserves that form, and the praises of the ornamental work about which are sung now-a-days not by *Autolycus*, but, in another strain, by Hood.

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p. 342. "*Cyprus*": — a kind of thin transparent stuff. See Notes on *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 257; and also the following passage from Shirley's *Schoole of Compliment*:

"*Gorg.* Goddesse of Cyprus.

Bub. Stay, I doe not like that word Cypres, for shee'le thinke I meane to make Hatbands on her, cannot you call her Taffata Goddesse, or if you goe to stuffe, cloth a Gold were richer.

Gorg. O ther's a conceit. Cyprus is the embleme of mortality, and here by Cyprus you declare how much you pine and mourne after her, sir." Act IV. Sc. 1, p. 28, ed. 1637. "*Masks*" to protect the nose have been worn by a few people in this country within the memory of men now living. "*Poking-sticks*" answered the purpose of our modern Italian irons, and were used to flute or plait ruffs.

" "—— a lady's *chamber*": — The old and analogically correct pronunciation of this word, which makes it a perfect rhyme to 'amber,' survived till of late years among educated people in New England.

" "—— their *plackets*": — See Notes on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 459.

' "—— or *kill*-hole": — the old form of the word, still in use in America.

"—— *charm* your tongues": — The original has "*clamour* your tongues;" and although Mr. Hunter quotes from Taylor, the Water Poet, "Clamour the promulgation of your tongues," it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the word in the folio is a misprint for that in the text, which was silently introduced by Hanmer. 'Charm your tongue' was a common phrase in Shakespeare's day. So, "To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue," *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. Sc. 2; "it shall charm thy riotous tongue," 2 *Henry VI.*, Act IV. Sc. 1; "Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue," 3 *Henry VI.*, Act V. Sc. 6; "charm your tongue. I will not charm my tongue," *Othello*, Act V. Sc. 8; "charm your skipping tongue," Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 232, ed. Gifford. 'Charm' was also used absolutely for 'silence' in the imperative sense.

"*Russel.* I do not mean 't to either; this only, sir,
That whatsoe'er you've seen, you would be silent.
. . . . . .
Chough. I'll not speak a word, i' faith.
. . . . . .
Rus. Charm your man, I beseech you, too."
Middleton's *A Fair Quarrel*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 543, ed. Dyce.

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p. 342. "—— a *tawdry lace*" : — This was a sort of necklace worn by rustic girls; and so called, says Dr. Henshawe, (as quoted by Skinner,) from being bought at St. Etheldreda's, or St. Audrey's fair, or according to others, because that Saint died of a swelling in the throat, which she regarded as a judgment for her having been too much addicted to the particular vanity of necklaces.

p. 343. "—— it was thought *she was a woman*" : — "In 1604," says Malone, "was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: 'A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward seen in the sea.' To this it is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes."

p. 344. "*Whither?*" — It is noteworthy that the original spelling in each instance here, and generally elsewhere, is *whether*.

"—— in *sad* talk" : — i. e., serious, grave talk. See Notes on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. Sc. 3, p. 184.

p. 345. "—— they call themselves *saltiers*" : — This is either the Servant's corruption of 'satyrs,' or it means leapers, from the French *sauter*. For "*gallimaufry*," See Notes on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. II. Sc. 1, p. 313; and "whence we took all manner of pieces to make a gallimofry after the fantastick fashion." *Comical His. of Francion*, Lib. IV. p. 1, ed. 1655.

"—— by th' *squire*" : — i. e., by the carpenter's square or rule, and so, by measurement. See Notes on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 474.

p. 346. "*O father*," &c. : — *Polixenes* is supposed to reply to a remark made by the *Shepherd* during the dance. Shakespeare often uses this device.

" "And *handled* love" : — The original has "*handed* love" — a manifest misprint, strangely left uncorrected hitherto, except in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 347. "—— had *force* and knowledge" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads "had *sense*." The reading is well suited to the context; and when the long *ſ* was used, the bow of the *e* turned to the left, and the word spelled 'fence,' the misprint was of the easiest. The original reading conveys an appropriate sense, however, and must stand.

p. 348. "—— *dispute* his own estate" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*dispose* his own estate." The misprint is a probable one; and if 'estate' here meant property, the emendation would have a claim to be received into the text. But it is used as in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III.

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Sc. 3: "Let me dispute with thee of my estate." *Polixenes* asks *Florizel* if his father is able to speak intelligibly about his own affairs, of whatever nature.

p. 348. "*Reason my son should choose*," &c.: — i. e., it is reasonable that my son should choose himself a wife. The punctuation hitherto, "Reason, my son, should choose," makes *Polixenes* say, 'Reason should choose himself a wife, my son.'

p. 349. "*Far'r* than Deucalion": — The original has "*Farr* than Deucalion," which has hitherto been printed "*Fer* than Deucalion," with Tyrwhitt's explanation, (unacknowledged, however,) that the comparative of *fer* = far was 'ferrer,' which was softened into 'ferre' even in Chaucer's time. As the word required, and given in the old text, is a contraction of 'ferrer,' 'farrer,' or 'farther,' it seems proper that there should be some indication of the comparative sense and form.

" "Or *hoop* his body": — The original misprints "*hope*."

" "I will devise a death *as cruel*," &c.: — The extreme ferocity of *Polixenes* in this Scene has been remarked upon as a blemish. But in these threats, as in other similar passages of the play, Shakespeare did little more than repeat Greene's thoughts, almost his words.

" "Looks *on alike*": — Thus the original. Singer, most unwarrantably, reads "Looks on *all* alike;" but, as Steevens remarked, "to 'look upon,' without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression which, though now unusual, seems to have been legitimate in Shakespeare's time." Instances are numerous.

p. 350. "You know *your* father's temper": — The original misprints "*my* father's."

p. 351. "—— and by my *fancy*": — i. e., my love, of course. See innumerable instances in these plays.

" "—— most opportune to *our* need": — The original has "*her* need," which Theobald corrected.

p. 352. "—— so fraught with *curious* business": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*serious* business" — a very plausible suggestion; but 'curious' was used in Shakespeare's day with great latitude of meaning, and sometimes in the sense of requiring or of taking care, solicitous; and therefore it is not safe to make any change in the text.

p. 353. "Your *discontenting* father": — the present participle for the past.

" "—— guilty *to* what we wildly do": — The meaning, of course, is obvious; and I cannot find any of that harsh-

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ness in the expression which Malone remarked upon, and which subsequent editors notice, in his words, without giving his name. But there are some literal people who do not feel the force of such phrases as "what have we *to* dinner?" "and he gave him Rachel his daughter *to* wife also;" "to be seen *of* men."

p. 353. "—— asks thee, *the* son": — The original misprints "*there* son," which was corrected in the third folio, 1664.

p. 354. "—— the rear *'f* our birth": — The original has the apostrophe, but omits the *f*.

p. 355. "Nor shall *appear* in Sicilia": — i. e., it should not be necessary to remark, 'nor shall appear furnished like Bohemia's son in Sicilia.' But until the publication of Mr. Dyce's *Remarks*, &c., the passage was most strangely printed as an interrupted speech; and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 needlessly has "nor shall *appear 't* in Sicilia" — giving the sense, however.

"—— *pomander*": — A pomander was a little ball made of various perfumes, and not always of the same, which was worn about the person. "This," says *Odour*, in the allegorical play, *Lingua, or The Combat of the Tongue*, 1607, "if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweete as my ladies dog!" Act IV. Sc. 3.

"—— whose purse was *best in picture*": — No remark has been made upon this singular phrase, the meaning of which is not very clear. Is 'picture' used in the sense of 'seeming,' and with an eye to a pun upon 'pick'?

"—— a *placket*": — See Notes on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 457.

"—— a *whoo*bub": — the old form of 'hubbub,' which is a corruption, or rather a condensation, of 'whoop-up.' See Richardson's *Dictionary*.

p. 356. "—— the gentleman is half *flay'd*": — The original has "halfe *fled*." Possibly we should read "half *fled*," as we say of horses, birds, and snakes, that they shed their coats, feathers, and skins.

p. 357. "(For I do fear *eyes over*"): — i. e., overseeing eyes. Rowe needlessly read "eyes over *you*," and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "eyes *ever*."

p. 358. "If I thought it were a piece of honesty," &c.: — i. e., 'it would be knavery to acquaint the King, and so I might do it; but it would be *more* knavery to conceal it,' &c. But Hanmer and many subsequent editors, in-

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cluding Mr. Singer, read, "If I thought it were *not* a piece of mavery, ... I *would* do 't."

p. 358. "—— by I know how much an ounce": — Hanmer plausibly read "I know *not* how much."

p. 359. "—— he be *at palace*": — The elision of the article is intentiona., and was common in Shakespeare's time.

" "—— my pedler's *excrement*": — See Notes on *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 250.

" "—— that *fardel*": — It is noteworthy that the original has *farthel* throughout the Scene.

" "—— taken yourself *with the manner*": — See Notes on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 448.

" "—— *or touze* from thee": — The original misprints "*at* toaze." 'Touze' still survives to us in 'touzle.'

p. 360. "—— the Court word for a *pheasant*": — Pheasants were often presented to courtiers by their rustic friends to secure their advocacy at Court.

" "His garments are *rich*": — an obvious slip of memory. The beggar has changed garments with the Prince indeed; but the latter was "obscured with a swain's wearing."

" "—— by the *picking on 's teeth*": — See Note on "the brooch and toothpick." *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I. Sc. 1.

" "—— be not in *hand-fast*": — No remark has been made on this phrase. Yet it cannot be used in its ordinary sense, which caused it to be applied to that sort of left-handed marriage, or marriage on trial, Knox's denunciation of which to *Julian Avenel* in Scott's *Monastery*, the reader will remember. It appears to have had no other signification than this, i. e., hold, close connection, in a literal or figurative sense. Might we not with some confidence read, 'If that shepherd be not in *band*, fast, let him fly'?

p. 361. "—— being something gently *consider'd*": — i. e., having received a genteel con-si-de-ra-ti-on. 'Consider' and 'gratify' were both used to mean fee or reward. "*Jen.* Roundelaye's very good; here is moneyes and considerations, looke you." Shirley's *School of Complement*, Act III. p. 35, ed. 1637. See Note on "gratify this gentleman." *Taming of the Shrew*, Act I. Sc. 2.

" "—— here *is man shall* do it": — i. e., of course, 'here is the man that shall do it.' The passage is noteworthy only as a marked example of the ellipses which

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are even more common in this play than in others by Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

p. 362. "—— I shall not be *flayed* out of it": — The *Clown* puns: 'case' meant integument, as well as situation.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 363. "*True*, too true, my lord": — In the original the first 'true' appears at the close of *Leontes'* speech; and doubtless by an accident, than which few are more likely to occur. Theobald made the present judicious arrangement of the text; but Mr. Collier restored the old reading, and is followed by Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson — the latter remarking that "it gives a softening effect to what Paulina says," and exclaiming, "strange, the Poet should not be allowed to have known what he meant to say!" But Mr. Hudson did his perception injustice here; for no one sees better than he, that the question in such cases is, not whether the Poet knew what he meant to say, but whether the accidents of the printing office did not prevent him from saying it. As to the effect of the two arrangements, it appears that if *Paulina*, on the close of the King's self-accusation, answers in the ordinary phrase, 'True, too true,' she is far less bitter than if, after he has paused and added 'true,' she begins her reply '*too* true,' thus intensifying his self-reproach by her first word, instead of softening it. But this consideration is of less consequence than the entire unfitness of 'true' at the end of the King's speech: what was strong before, it makes weak and commonplace.

"Now, *good* now": — See Notes on *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 85.

p. 364. "—— the former Queen *is well*": — So in *Anthony and Cleopatra*: "We use to say the dead are well." Act II. Sc. 5.

p. 365. "(*Where we offenders now*)": — In this parenthesis 'are' is left to be understood, by an ellipsis common to dramatic writers of Shakespeare's time, and entirely in keeping with the style of this play. The original includes 'appears' within the parenthesis — an error of a kind so common in the printed dramatic literature of the seventeenth century as hardly to merit notice, and which has yet caused much trouble. Among the suggested readings, those worth consideration are Malone's, —

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"Again possess her corpse (and on this stage
Where we offenders now appear soul vexed)
Begin And why to me?"

and that of Steevens, which has hitherto been universally adopted, —

"Again possess her corpse; and on this stage
(Where we offenders now appear), soul vex'd
Begin, And why to me?"

But nothing seems clearer than that 'sainted spirit' is nominative to 'appear.' That *Hermione* would *appear* if he married again and used his wife well, is the very consequence of that act which the King has chiefly in mind.

p. 365. "She had *just* cause": — The original gives "just *such* cause," the error being the result of a repetition of 'such' in the previous line. The correction was made in the third folio, 1664.

"*Affront* his eye": — i. e., present itself to his eye — the radical sense of the word, which properly means, to face. Its use in the sense of 'offend,' which came in in the 'Augustan age' of English literature, is quite indefensible; though when a man offends another to his face and before others, he does affront as well as offend him.

p. 366. "—— so must thy *grave*": — It would be insufferably impertinent to point out that 'grave' is here beautifully used to mean the dead *Hermione*, had not Mr. Collier adopted the MS. reading of Lord Ellesmere's folio, "thy *grace*," and declared it "the true reading"!

p. 368. "—— to look on *him*": — This use of the personal pronoun, leaving the relative 'whom' superfluous in the sentence, was not uncommon in Shakespeare's day.

"—— that a King, *at* friend": — Johnson quite needlessly proposed "*as* friend;" which was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p 369. "You have a *holy* father": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "You have a *noble* father." But 'holy' was used in a less restricted sense when Shakespeare wrote than when the corrections in that volume were made. See, in *The Tempest*, Act V. Sc. 1, "Holy Gonzago, honourable man;" which in the same volume is also changed to "*Noble* Gonzalo," &c.

Scene II.

p 372. "—— if th' *importance* were joy or sorrow": — The meaning seems plainly to be, 'if their passion were of joyful or sorrowful import.'

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p. 373. "The mantle *of* Queen *Hermione's*" : — So the original, and the second folio. But all modern editors read, "of Queen *Hermione;*" regardless of the idiomatic English double possessive.

"—— with *clipping* her" : — i. e., embracing her. See Note on "a kissing traitor." *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 476.

"—— the old Shepherd *which* stands by" : — Doubtless so written. The distinction between the gender of the relative pronouns was not so closely drawn in Shakespeare's time as it is now. We still apply 'which' to persons interrogatively.

"—— weather-*bitten* conduit" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "weather-*beaten*" — a plausible but unnecessary correction.

p. 374. "—— (*bravely* confess'd, and lamented" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*heavily* confess'd;" a plausible conjecture. But 'bravely,' implying candor and courage, has both authority and propriety in its favor.

"—— her mother's *statue*" : — This statue, executed "by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano," was marble, colored to imitate the life. Such hybrid works of art were common during the middle ages and even in the time of Shakespeare, whose own bust, on his monument at Stratford on Avon, was originally painted after nature. See *Life*, Vol. I. Colored statues were known also to the Greeks. It is to this custom that we must attribute the use of 'statue' in the sense of 'picture,' by Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

"—— *had he himself eternity*" : — i. e., were he immortal. So in the dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets to Mr. W. H. the publisher wishes him "all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet."

p. 377. "—— thou art no *tall fellow of thy hands*" : — See Notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 4, p. 311. It may be worth while to add, that in this expression 'hand' is not used in the sense of a member, but a measure; and 'a tall man of his hands' is equivalent to 'a stout man of his inches.' Men still measure horses by hands, and women cloth by fingers. See Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, p. 21: "Jemy, who was as you have heard, a tall low man, and was swift of foote," &c., and in Chapman's Homer, in the Address *To the Reader*, "The tall heat of his stomach."

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SCENE III.

p. 377. "*Enter* LEONTES," &c. : — The old stage direction adds "Hermione (*like a Statue :*) *Lords, &c.*" These stage directions being intended for the guidance of the prompter, or the stage manager, it was a common practice to name at the commencement of a Scene all the persons who were to appear in it.

p. 378. "*Lonely* apart" : — It is hardly worth while to notice the misprint of the folio "*Louely*, apart."

p. 379. "—— *but that methinks already*" : — Thus the folio, with a full point at the end of the line. In all modern editions (for the volume published in 1853 by Mr. Collier cannot be recognized as an edition of Shakespeare), the line has been printed as an interrupted or incomplete exclamation; which representation of it is entirely in accordance with the context and the speaker's state of mind. But in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 the passage appears thus, a line being added in MS. :

> "Would I were dead, but that methinks already
> *I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.*"

This is the least objectionable of all the wholesale and gratuitous additions to the text in that volume. But with its fitness for the place in which it appears, (the need of it not being established,) the editor of Shakespeare's works has no more to do than with the fitness of those passages added to *Richard III.* or *Romeo and Juliet* by Cibber and Garrick, some of which are thought by many intelligent people to be Shakespeare's, and are quite as good imitations of his style as this is. But as to the probability that Shakespeare would have written such a line here, (if we consider that question,) Mr. Dyce has these very judicious remarks: "On first reading the new line, it appeared to me so exactly in the style of Shakespeare, that, like Mr. Collier, I felt 'thankful that it had been furnished.' But presently I found that it was *too Shakespearian*. Only a few speeches before, *Leontes* has exclaimed, —

> 'I am asham'd: *does not the stone rebuke me,*
> *For being more stone than it?* — O royal piece,
> There's magic in thy majesty, which has
> My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
> From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
> *Standing like stone with thee!*'

Now, which is the greater probability? — that Shakespeare (whose variety of expression was inexhaustible) repeated himself in the line, —

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'I am but dead, stone looking upon stone'?

or that a reviser of the play (with an eye to the passage just cited) ingeniously constructed the said line to fill up the supposed lacuna? The answer is obvious." To this it may be added, that it is not at all necessary to attribute the ingenuity to this corrector or reviser. He might here, as well as elsewhere, very possibly but have written down what he heard upon the stage; and for the value of such hearing, as authoritative evidence that Shakespeare wrote what was heard, let any one hear Shakespeare as he is played even at this day! See *Historical Sketch of the Text*, Vol. I.

p. 380. "*Or* those that think," &c.: — The folio misprints "*On* those," &c.; which it was left for Hanmer to correct.

p. 382. "*Partake* to every one": — i. e., let every one participate.

END OF VOL. V.

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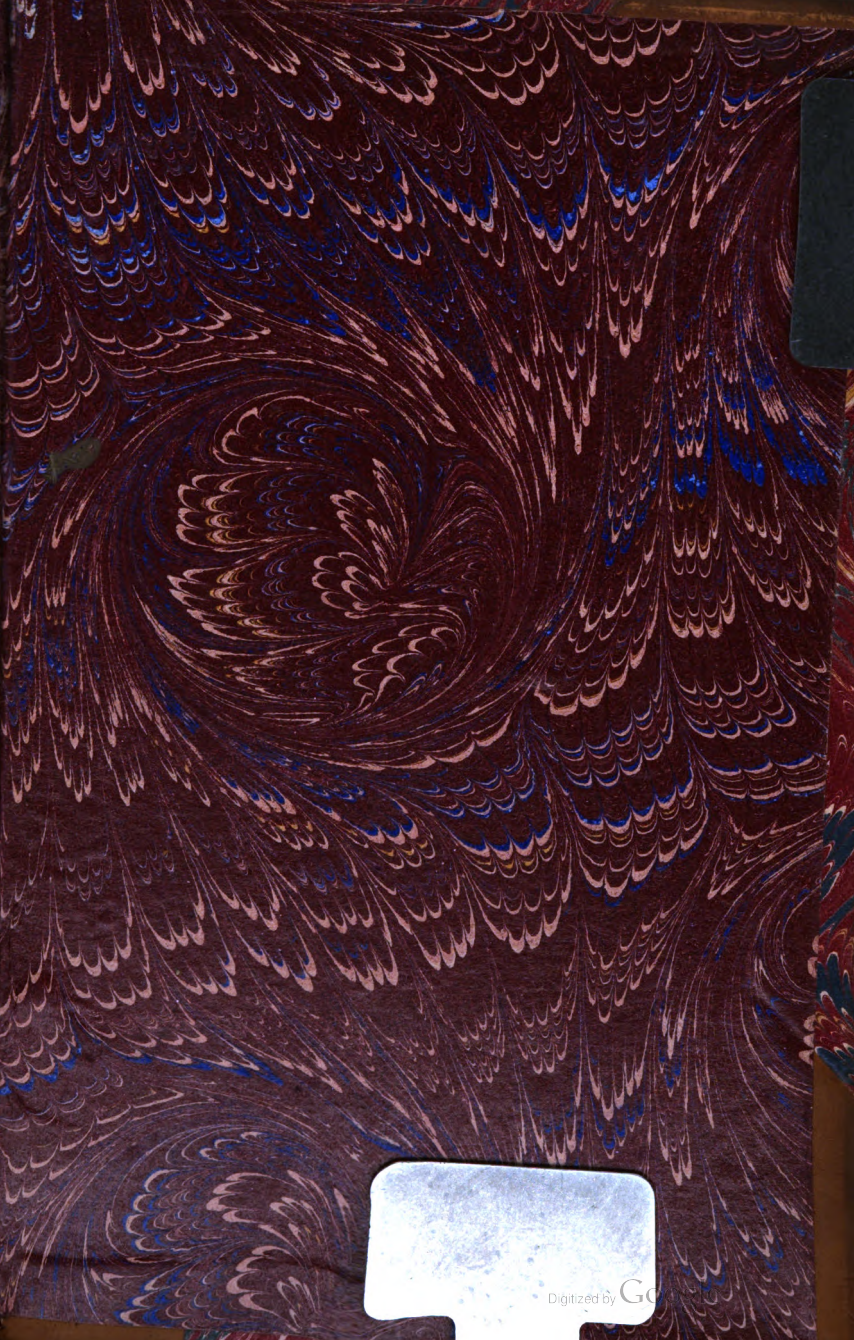
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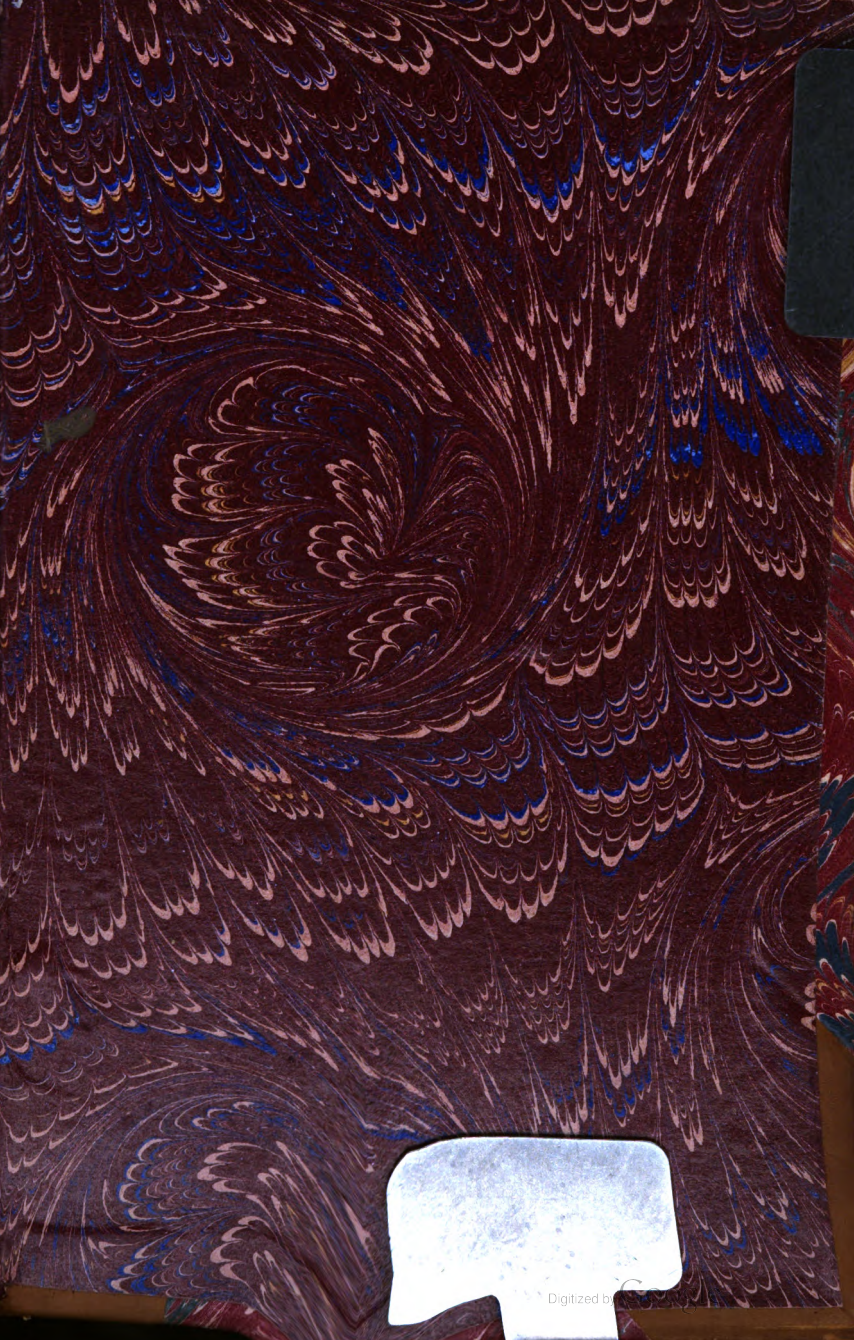
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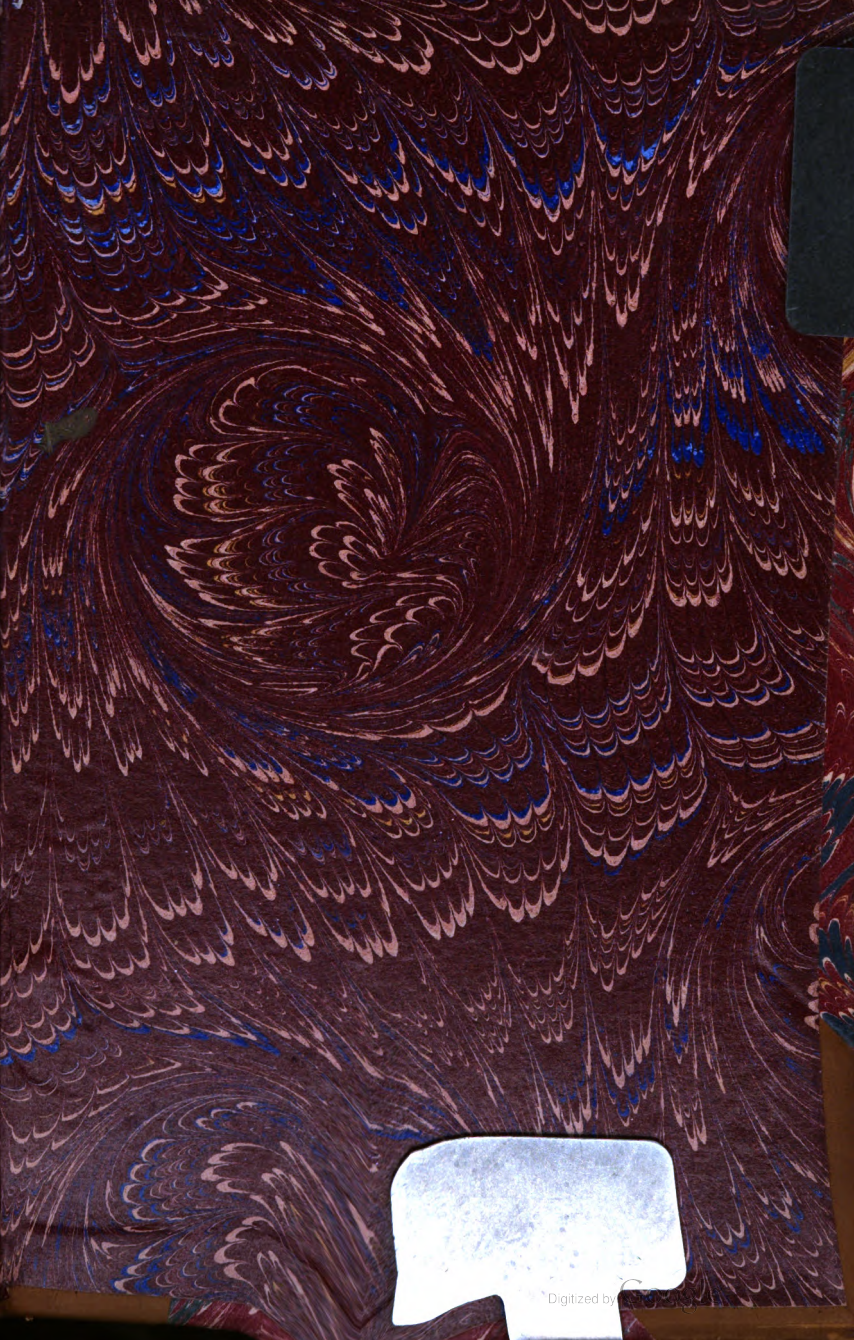
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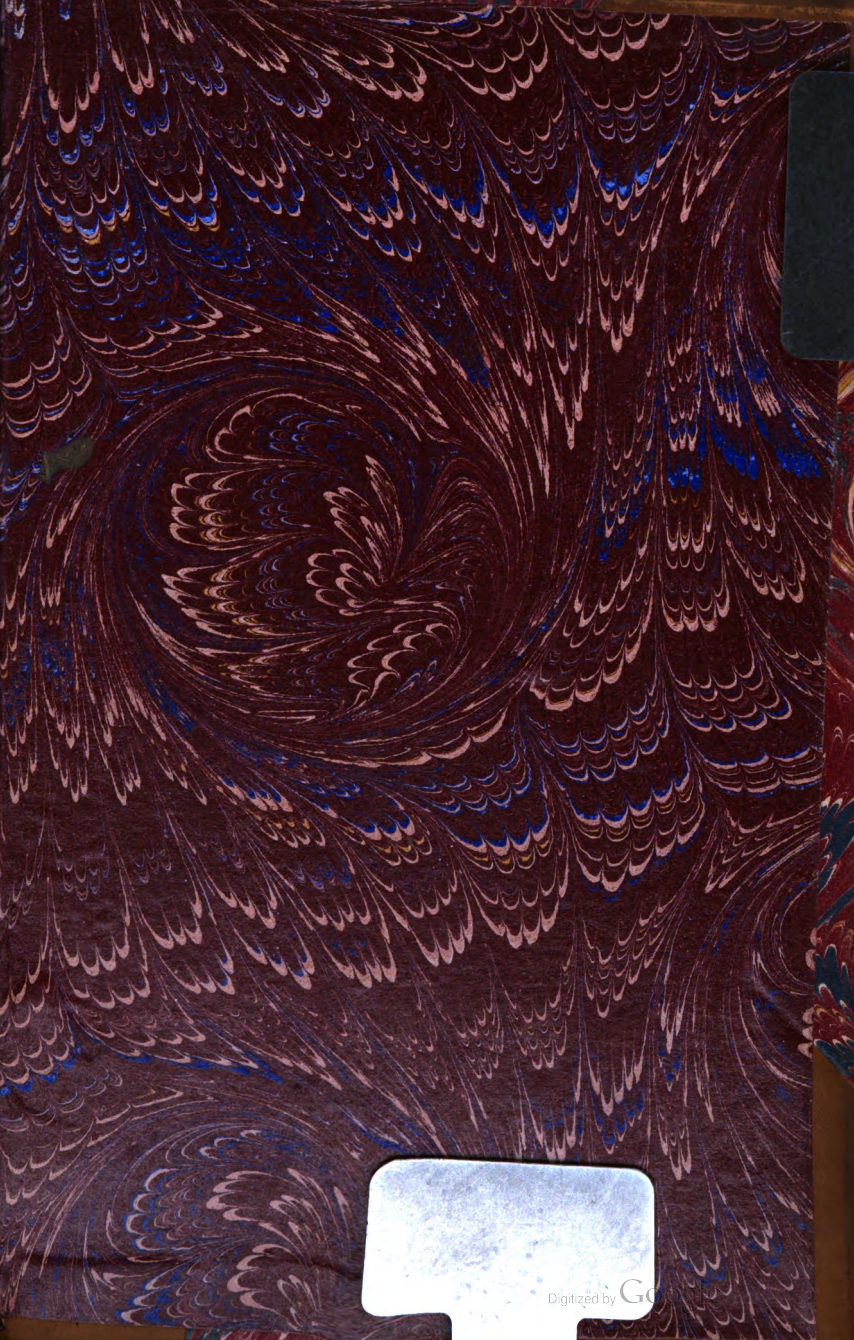
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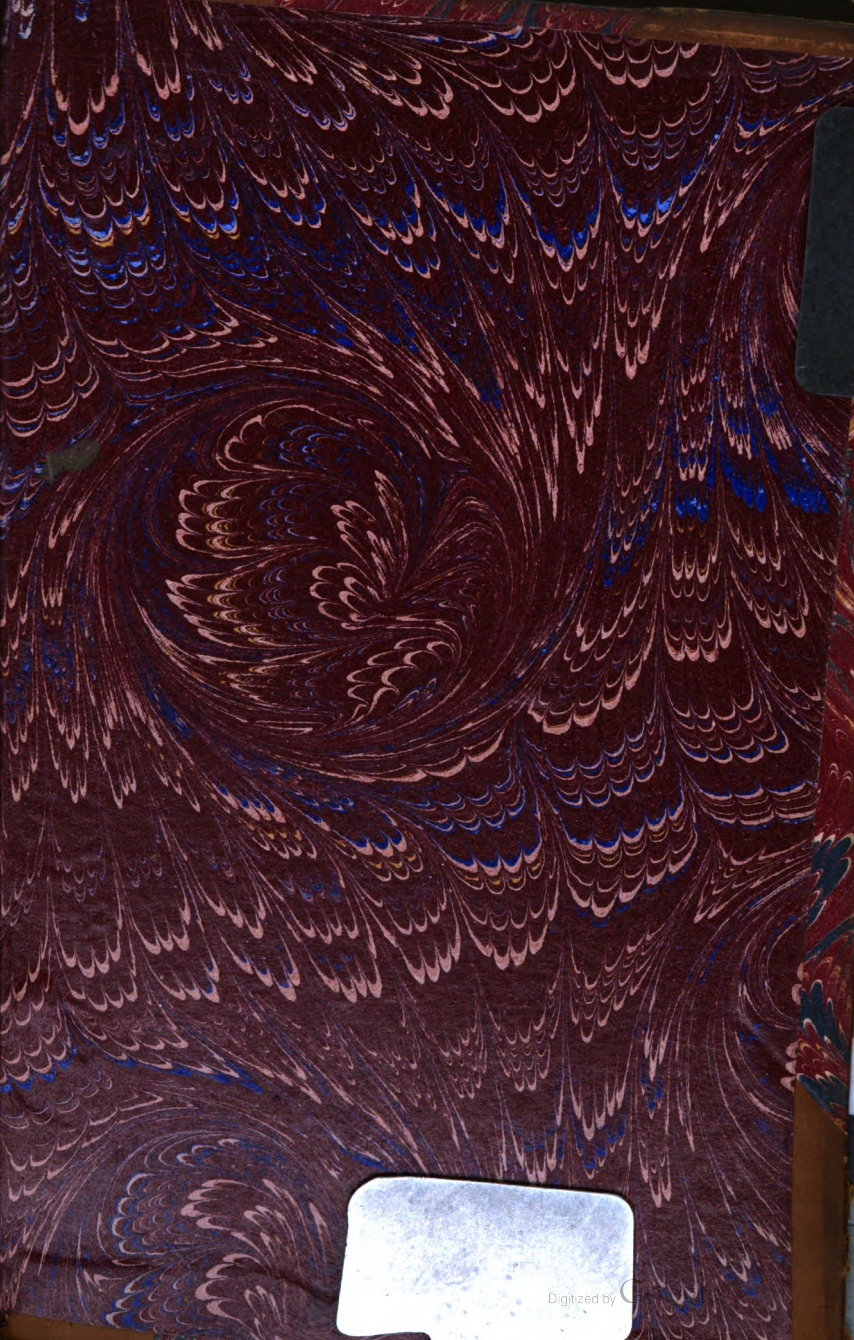
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